Newport Mercury.

HOPE

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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 93, N. E. O. P.; William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardiner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7597, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Butchers and Grocers' Outing.

The butchers, grocers, their families and friends enjoyed a delightful day's outing at Island Park Thursday. The weather was all that could be desired. The procession was formed on Washington square just before noon and though not large made a nice appearance. The procession marched down Thames street, headed by the Newport band, with William S. Bailey marshal of the parade. In the rear of the parade was a float of the Mills' Clean Towel concern that was very artistically arranged. When Commercial wharf was reached they boarded the electrics for Island Park, many joining their numbers, arriving at the Park shortly after one. The dinner served was all that could be desired, and after all had had a bountiful supply they assembled on the park grounds, where the field sports took place. The following is the list of sports:

First in order was the base ball game. The sides being the Grocers and the Butchers. The nines were made up as follows:

Butchers—H. Sullivan, 1st base; Hanley, short stop; Shea, cather; Smith, 2d base; D. Sullivan, pitcher; Matterson, left field; Carney, 3d base; Barry, right field; Peckham, catcher.

Grocers—Simpson, 2d base; Melvin, catcher; Gladding, pitcher; A. Sullivan, 3d base; Cook, left field; Mackenzie, 1st base; Crocker, right field; Conerton, centre field; Albro, short stop.

The game was won by the Grocers with a score of 5 to 4. The match was played for five innings.

The sack race was won by George Finn with Hollock second. Charles Mott caught the greasy pig and it was sold at auction for $3.50 Then followed the wrestling match between Dan Johnson and John Donovan, which was one of the principle events. The match was a tie and was called off. Walter Crocker won the variety race, with Carr second. On the grounds the Newport band, Harry K. Howard leader, furnished the music.

On Tuesday night last some malicious person or persons defaced many of the large panes of glass along the business section of Thames st., and also some of the smaller ones, by making scratches across the windows with a diamond. The job was not done in a few moments, and it is certainly a very peculiar incident that such a thing could be accomplished on Thames street without the police or some one seeing the guilty person. Efforts should be made by the police to find the guilty party and he should be made to suffer for his criminal work.

Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have been visiting Mrs. Phillips' mother, Mrs. Timothy Peckham, on Walnut street, have returned to their home.

Albert P. and Nathan H. Jones, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Jones, left Monday night for Nyack, N. Y., where they enter Rockland Military Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sturgis, of Attleborough, Mass., are visiting Mrs. William Benson.

Old Colony Shops.

New Shops Being Built at Newport.

The new buildings of the N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad are well under way, the foundations in all cases being completed, and many of the buildings partially raised. It is the hope of the engineers that the whole job will be complete by the middle of the coming winter.

These new buildings will form the general shops for repairs of boats in the marine service of the company. The various buildings are the carpenter and machine shops, the boiler and blacksmith shops, the power house, the store house, and the office. They are built on pile foundations, with concrete filling, part of the floors being wood and part concrete. All of the buildings except the back part of the office are to be brick, the latter being wood. Each building is to have two stories, steel frame and girders, the second floors all being of wood.

The new power house is to be the old boiler shop rebuilt. Just back of the power house will be the immense coal bins—capacity 2000 tons. Running from the distributing tresste, which stands above the bins, down beside the wharf-front where the coal barges will lay up is a tresste which will take the coal from the barges to the bins. The office is in a separate building in the center of the plot where it commands a view of all the works.

There is a system of fire and water mains throughout the yard such as will offer adequate fire protection as well as furnish all the water required in the various buildings. The waste water drains and the sewers run through separate mains.

The location of the buildings is as follows: Walking up Washington street, from Long Wharf,—first is the blacksmith shop and boiler shop—the blacksmith shop in front. This building has 55 feet front and 200 feet depth. Next is the store house with 40 feet front and 112 depth. Further up, and next the street, as are all the buildings mentioned so far, is the power house, 50 feet x 100 with an addition on the south side 25x70. This building is to be built out of the old boiler shop. Just back of this are the machine shop and the carpenter shop, 55x103. The carpenter shop is next the water. South of the last mentioned building and about half way between the water and the street, is the office. It is in two sections, the front part being of brick and the back of wood. Farthest up the street and about fifty feet back is the immense coal bin with a capacity of 2000 tons.

It is estimated that the cost of the work will be around a quarter of a million, and that the capacity of the shops will be 1000 men, although not more than 600 will probably be employed.

The contractors for the work are McGuire & Penniman, of Providence; the engineer in charge, Mr. H. L. Ripley. The contractors for the coal bins and tressles and for dredging the slips are Shaw & Co., also of Providence, and the engineer is Mr. C. A. Drake.

The preparations for the Rockefeller-Aldrich wedding are completed. The ceremony will take place at Senator Aldrich's country seat in Warwick at high noon, Oct. 9. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. James G. Vose in the presence of the immediate families only. A sumptous wedding breakfast will then be served, to which a large number of guests will be bidden. The wedding is to be without ostentation.

Mr. William S. Brownell, of this city, has accepted a responsible position in the Keeler-Raleigh Company's publishing house of Philadelphia and enters upon his new field the early part of next month. Mr. Brownell has been employed as bookkeeper for the Daily News for nearly 16 years.

Hon. Robert S. Franklin went to Westerly Thursday night, to present to Narragansett Commandery a testimonial from Washington Commandery, expressing their pleasure at the reception they received from Narragansett Commandery during their late pilgrimage to Watch Hill.

The torpedo boat Blakely arrived from Boston Thursday, in charge of Captain J. E. Colman, making the distance from Boston light to Brenton's Reef lightship in six hours and fifty-five minutes.

Mr. Frank Baylies, his daughter, Miss Charlotte Baylies, and his son Mr. George Baylies have been visiting Mrs. Joseph Perry at her home on Powell ave. during the past week. Miss Baylies will remain for some time yet.

City Solicitor Clark Burdick, who has been confined to his home by illness, is able to be out.

The Weenat Shassit Building Association will hold a trading post the last week of January next.

Evening at Whist.

Thursday evening upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Gorton, a party of friends gathered at their residence on Bellevue avenue to enjoy an evening at whist and the guests were most pleasantly entertained. Shortly after eight o'clock Mrs. Gorton invited the guests into the parlor, where the tables were arranged for play, and in a few moments all were seated ready for the start. For over two hours quiet reigned and all entered the game with a desire to make a good score. When the game was called, the prizes, which were beautiful gifts, were awarded to the following: First lady's prize, Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., and first gentlemans' prize, Mr. Coggeshall. The "consolations" were captured by Mr. and Mrs. James R. Crowley. The scores were all very close and interesting there being only a few points' difference between the highest and lowest, showing the excellent play of all present.

At a late hour the guests adjourned to the dining room, where they sat down to a table laden with good things, and all enjoyed the bountiful supper which had been prepared for them. The table was tastily arranged, in the centre being a beautiful floral piece.

When the hour for departure arrived the guests all thanked their host and hostess for the pleasant evening they had spent.

Train Robbery.

The 7 o'clock train Monday evening brought a stranger to Newport from Boston, and when he had arranged to take a cab he found that he had been robbed of four five-dollar bills, which he had in his trousers pocket. He is confident that his pocket was picked by a man who sat behind him and who got off at Fall River. He notified Captain Garnett at the Police Station here, who advised him to go to Fall River and enter a complaint there, but the stranger felt it would be a useless task, as he had no idea that the man could be found in that city. Desiring to put the Fall River authorities on the lookout for such persons, he communicated with them by telephone, although he never expects to see either the man or the money again.

Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson has been detached from the command of the Boston navy yard and placed on waiting orders, it being done at the Admiral's request, and will take effect October 1. Rear Admiral Mortimer L. Johnson will be his successor. It is said that ill health was the cause of Admiral Sampson's asking to be detached, and it is hoped that a rest and change of scene will restore him to his health again.

Dr. W. C. Stoddard has returned from his six weeks' tour through the Provinces and through the lake and mountain regions of Maine and New Hampshire. He reports much of the region traversed as not entirely free from hay fever, and some of the country, particularly the Rangeley Lakes region, given over to a horde of extortionists.

The Republican City Committee, which has taken a room for the fall campaign in the Covell building, met Thursday evening and voted to call the ward caucuses for choice of delegates to a city convention to nominate a General Assembly ticket and delegates to the State convention on October 11th. The city convention will be held on October 12th.

Although the race was not finished in time the Columbia beat the Shamrock by nearly two miles on Thursday. She showed herself the better boat in the comparatively heavy wind of the morning and also in the drifting race in the later part of the day.

Mr. Percival A. Tilley has severed his connection with Mr. Emil S. Blumenkranz, having accepted a position as druggist in one of the large stores in New Brunswick, N. J.

Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers and family, who have been guests of Mrs. Rogers' mother, Mrs. S. G. Arnold, have returned to their home in West Chester, Pa.

On exhibition, the past week, at Burlingame & Carry's was a cutlass fish, caught by Mr. Arnold James. It is reported to be the first ever caught in these waters.

Rev. Geo. Whitfield Mead and Mr. and Mrs. James P. Taylor are expected home from the White Mountains tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. David T. Pinniger have been in the White Mountains for past week.

Mr. Daniel Sully paid a visit to his parents in this city on Monday last.

Mr. Carl Jurgens is visiting in Philadelphia.

City Mission Sabbath School.

Ex-President Harrison was once advised to get a dog to watch his premises and take care of his fruit trees. His wise and grand reply was, "Better get a Sabbath School teacher to take care of the children."

The history of this school reaches back nearly 18 years. Its location, 331 Thames street, nearly opposite the post office, is well adapted to reach many neglected children on the wharves and streets. The sessions are from 6 to 7:30 p. m., where the teachers gather from several denominations. The average attendance in the winter is between 80 and 90 children, besides grown people. Parents as well as children now come in to spend the hour with us in learning of Him who died for all. Scriptures are rejected, also the Golden Text and the ten commandments, singing hymns with music, and often addresses to the children. As the school is wholly non-sectarian many foreigners come in among us and continue to come, showing their interest in the exercises of the hour. Papers and cards in large quantities are freely dispensed. Entertainments are usually given in the winter with refreshments, music and speaking by the children. We need financial aid to increase success, and while thanking all who have so kindly aided us in the past, we hope we shall be remembered in days to come. Donations will be thankfully acknowledged by Elder D. B. Fitts, box 97, Newport, R. I.

General Joseph Wheeler.

The Patriotic Review publishes the following article, which will prove interesting to many of our readers:

"Joseph Wheeler, known as 'Fighting Joe,' recently had his portrait painted at Newport, R. I., by the celebrated artist, W. H. Leavitt. The general is pictured in his uniform worn at Santiago, and the familiar landscape of that tropical country is used as a background. General Wheeler, besides being a brave soldier, who, like hundreds of Southern sons donned the blue in the recent war, was a picturesque figure through those trying days. Although ill in his cot, when General Shafter ordered the fighting to begin, he pluckily insisted on going to the front on a litter; then, more bravely still, he relinquished the litter to the Red Cross nurses, for the wounded, mounted a horse and dashed off, amid the cheering of the soldiers. He was the oldest officer in the field and yet, when matters at the front were in doubt, he climbed a tree in order to survey the situation, thus making his body a target for Spanish bullets.

"Americans are familiar with the career and character of Joseph Wheeler, who relinquished his seat in Congress to fight for his country in Cuba, and later in the Philippines. When the life of his precious young son went out at Montauk, an army of people sympathized. No less patriotic is his daughter, Annie Early Wheeler, called "The Army Angel" by the soldiers she nursed. General Wheeler once said: The greatest ambition of my life has already been realized, as I have seen those who were once Confederate soldiers fight under the Stars and Stripes against foreign foes as soldiers of the United States. The realization of these hopes fills the measure of my desires, and beyond that I have no ambition whatever."

Election of Officers.

Newport Casino.

President—George Peabody Wetmore.
Vice President—Samuel F. Barger.
Treasurer—George R. Fearing.
Acting Treasurer, pro tem—W. Watts Sherman.
Secretary George L. Rives.
Executive committee—Egerton L. Winthrop, chairman; John Clinton Gray, Thomas F. Cushing.

It was voted to retire all the remaining second mortgage bonds, and $5,000 was appropriated for improvements to grounds and buildings for next season. The entire indebtedness is now covered by the first mortgage bonds, $40,000. The original indebtedness was $120,000.

The tax collector has notified the poll tax payers that he is ready to receive the dollar which they owe the city. He has also notified them that the law compells him to collect the tax. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Mrs. Geo. H. Norman and daughter have arrived in New York from Europe where they have been for some months past.

Mr. Remington Wright, of Jamestown, has gone to Lenox, where he will be employed by Mr. R. W. Curry, who is building a large house in that place.

Work has been begun on the sewer which is being put in Ocean avenue, in Jamestown. It is under the supervision of Mr. Louis W. Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Scott have gone to Buffalo.

Rev. and Mrs. Brewer G. Boardman are at Bethlehem, N. H.

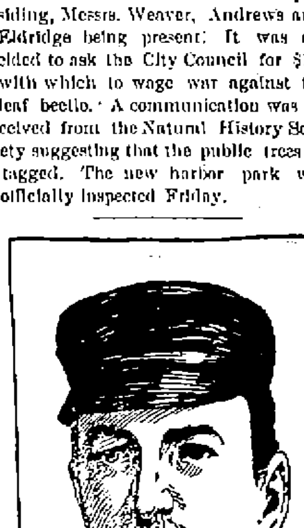
Fall Millinery Opening.

The coming week will be a busy one in millinery. The announcement of Schreier's millinery opening will attract many to this well-known establishment. Great preparation is being made for an elegant display of Hats and Toques. As usual, nothing will be spared to make this, their fall opening, a success. All the latest novelties of the season will be shown. Ladies will do well to visit Schreier's, on the opening days, next Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1st and 2d.



THE AMERICA'S CUP.

The Park Commission held its monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon, chairman William J. Underwood presiding, Messrs. Weaver, Andrews and Eldridge being present. It was decided to ask the City Council for $150 with which to wage war against the leaf beetle. A communication was received from the Natural History Society suggesting that the public trees be tagged. The new harbor park was officially inspected Friday.



EDWARD SYCAMORE.
[Captain of Shamrock II.]

Among the candidates who have filed applications to take examinations for admission to the Rhode Island bar next week are Messrs. Charles W. Crandall, Max Levy and George F. Cozzens, of this city.

Postmaster and Mrs. A. C. Landers are at Atlantic City, attending the National Association of First-Class Postmasters.



CHARLES BARR.
[Captain of the Columbia.]

Children's Party.

Master Raymond Langley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland S. Langley, entertained about fifteen of his young friends, boys and girls, at his residence on Chase street Tuesday evening, from four to eight o'clock. A pleasing program had been prepared for the children's enjoyment by Mrs. Langley, and games, the phonograph, a Punch and Judy show, followed by a magic lantern show, were in order and afforded much pleasure to all present. A flag drill was given by the fifteen little ones, which proved one of the features of the evening. Miss Lillian White furnished the music, besides rendering a number of selections on the organ and singing a number of solos during the evening.

A bountiful supper was served and the little ones all made merry in the evening's festivities, reluctantly departing when the hour came for them to say "good night" to their young host, who had so kindly remembered them on this joyous occasion.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Annie James.

Mrs. Annie James, widow of George H. James, died at the Newport Hospital Tuesday after quite a long illness in the fifty-fifth year of her age. She leaves four children, two boys and two girls.

The funeral took place Thursday morning from St. Joseph's Church, where a requiem mass was said by Rev. Father Deady. The bearers were Messrs. Edward Shields, John Welsh, John M. Donald, John Shea, Charles Pascoe and Patrick Hunt.

James Hill.

James Hill, gardener at Rockhurst, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, died at his home early Thursday morning of typhoid fever. He was a native of England but came to this country many years ago. Before Mrs. Brooks purchased "Rockhurst" he was employed there by Mr. Gardner Brewer, its former owner. The deceased was well known and highly respected. A widow survives him.

Wedding Bells.

Farley-Reagan.

The wedding of Miss Catherine Adeline Reagan, daughter of Mr. Michael O. Reagan, to Mr. Francis H. Farley, of Bristol, took place at St. Mary's Church Wednesday and was largely attended. Miss Mary Connors, of Central Falls, was bridesmaid and Mr. Thomas Doyle, of Bristol, was best man. Rev. Father Meenan performed the ceremony, being assisted by Rev. P. McCabe, of St. Mary's church, Bristol. A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the residence of the bride's father on Thames street, where a large number of relatives and friends offered their congratulations and best wishes to the newly wedded couple. Late in the day Mr. and Mrs. Farley left for a wedding trip. They will take up their residence in Bristol, Mr. Farley being proprietor of the Bristol Phoenix.

Portsmouth.

Mr. McQueen, formerly a restaurant keeper near Island Park, died in Fall River last week.

Mr. Lorenzo D. Macomber has severed his connection as a conductor on the Island road.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the Jamestown Land Co., a lot of 10,460 square feet on Shoreby Hill in Jamestown, to Mrs. Jeannie T. Jolin, of Camden, N. J., as a building site.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented No. 2, Abraham's Block as a store to Jacques Krakauer, Grande Maison de Blanc, New York, for the season of 1902.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the St. Joseph's church corporation their house, No. 75 Broadway, to Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, as a boarding house.

Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Stedman have rented their store on the corner of Bellevue avenue and John street, to Messrs. Van Emburgh & Atterbury for the season of 1902.

J. N. A. Griswold has rented the Berkeley store, so called, on the corner of Bellevue avenue and John street, to Mrs. Bessie Stewart for the season of 1902.

Messrs. Pease & Elliman have rented for Mrs. C. A. James her house, No. 25 East 57th street, to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., for term of years. Mr. Vanderbilt will make extensive alterations, contracts of which have been given out.

The Smith heirs have rented the store No. 119 Bellevue avenue, formerly occupied by Redfern, to Miss M. A. Smyth for 1902.

George MacCulloch Miller, executor, estate Miss Susan O. Hoffman, has sold the property on the corner of Bellevue avenue and Ledge road, to Oliver G. Jennings, of New York. Mr. Jennings occupied this place the past season.

Simeon Hazard has rented the cottage No. 12 Lincoln street, to A. J. Oler for Henry B. Hazard.

Samuel Colman has sold his place on the westerly side of Red Cross avenue, with buildings and improvements, to Miss Susan Travers, of New York.

Simeon Hazard has rented for W. K. Card, his cottage, 8 Guerney court, to George Wilcox.

SWEET REVENGE

BY
Captain F. A. MITCHEL,
Author of "Chattanooga," "Chickamauga," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.
FLIGHT.

I WAS at a loss to know what had brought a body of cavalry up into the Cumberland mountains. I learned afterward that they had come from Shelbyville and were on their way to attack Bridgeport, where the Memphis and Charleston railroad crosses the Tennessee, with a view to burning the bridge. At Tracy City they had heard of a Confederate force moving on their flank to cut them off and retraced their steps. Buck and Jaqueline had really heard them going southward early in the afternoon. The bugle calls we all heard so distinctly were sounded on their way back.

"Where did you leave your horses?" I asked quickly of Helen as we hurried on.

"In a clump of trees near the road. There it is now." She pointed to a thicket.

Great was my anxiety as I ran to the place designated to know if the horses were still there. I was doomed to disappointment; they were gone. There was no time for repining over the loss. I must think out the problem of our immediate action, and that instantly. Two courses were open to us—we might follow the cavalry northward, or we could strike out toward the south. Each plan had its advantages. If we followed the cavalry, we might succeed in coming up with them, in which event we should be safe, but as they were mounted and we were not there was little hope of our overtaking them. Besides, the guerrillas would expect us to follow that course. If we pushed south, we must abandon all hope of falling in with the troopers but would doubtless mislead the guerrillas and gain considerable time. We would also be moving toward the homes of the others of the party. I struck out southward.

"What are yo' going that way fo'?" cried Jack.

"It's the way to go."

"Well, go ahead; I'm going after the soldiers."

She turned and started northward. I seized her and, taking her in my arms, carried her along with the rest, she raining a shower of blows from her little fist upon my head. We pressed on without a word, till Jack, either tired of the situation or becoming sensible of the absurdity of her action, promised that if I would put her down she would go with us peaceably. I set her on the ground in a very disgruntled condition.

"I wish Captain Ringold were here," she muttered angrily. "He'd make you pay fo' that."

The road was so winding that I did not fear any one behind could see us from a distance, while, should we leave it, our progress would be very slow. I chose to take the risk of being seen and put as great a distance as possible between us and the outlaws while they supposed they were on our track in the direction of the cavalry, for I felt sure they would expect us to take that course. We had not gone far before we met a lean countryman on horseback. In a few words I told him of our situation and begged him if he met the guerrillas to mislead them. When he learned of our starving condition, he pulled a small black bottle containing whisky out of his saddlebag. I forced every member of the party to drink and, tossing the empty bottle to the countryman, hurried on. I knew that the stimulant would avail us but a little while, then would only make matters worse. Helen walked on, showing no effect whatever from the potation. Jack danced along as if she were at a picnic party, while Buck suddenly became brave as a lion.

"Don't yo' think, Mr. Brandystone," he said, with difficulty getting breath enough to articulate while walking so fast, "we'd better stop an fight 'em?"

"I think you'd better stop talking and save your breath for walking."

"Reckon we better stop," said Ginger, "an thank de Lawd fo' lettin us out o' dat trap an pray fo' dem g'rillas t' git los' in de wilderness."

"We can do that while we're walking," said Helen, "and not lose any time."

"'Spec' de pra'r on de knees is mo' efficacious," replied Ginger, "but mebbe we don't need 'em like we did a spell ago."

Still there was no sound in our rear. Helen asked if I did not think that keeping the road was pretty risky. I told her that I would soon give the word to take to the woods. Coming to a point where there was a turn, leaving a straight piece of road back of us, I told the rest to go on while I waited and watched. I stood casting glances back till my step reached another turn in advance, then, pressing forward, caught up with them. In this way I kept them in the road and maintained a lost watch at the same time for nearly half an hour. Then the strength of the party, which had thus far been supplied by excitement, suddenly began to droop, and I, feeling that I had used all the energy there was in them, led the way off the road into the heart of the forest. We had scarcely got into the woods when we heard a clattering of hoofs on the road. Whether they were made by the guerrillas' horses or not I did not know, but I felt sure they were. We waited till they were out of hearing, then every one sank down on the ground.

"Now, Ginger," I said, "it is a good time to pray, Ginger."

Dropping on his knees, Ginger prayed [illegible] the thanks of the party in words that came as sincerely and plentifully as the waters of a running stream. I think of that prayer now when [illegible] ... [illegible] good people [illegible] ... [illegible] was disposed to prolong his thanks- giving indefinitely, got up and started to find a convenient place to hide. I soon struck a little pocket formed by the coming together of several declivities and surrounded by thickets. A little runnel passed through it, and, stooping down, I quenched a thirst that was burning me. Returning to the party, I led them to the retreat I had found for them, then left them to go in search of provisions.

It was now quite dark. I walked half a mile, when I saw the lights of Tracy City. Going to the town and selecting a house standing apart from the rest, I marched boldly up to it and knocked at the door. It was opened by a girl, the only occupant of the place, a wild eyed creature in dingy calico, unshod, her square cut locks tucked behind her ears. She appeared to be in a chronic state of fright and evidently thought me one of those men who were going about taking advantage of the absence of restraint induced by war to help themselves to whatever they wanted. I asked her for some food and a few cooking utensils, and when I paid her for them she was struck dumb with amazement. I returned to camp with provisions, matches, a skillet and a coffeepot.

Ginger and Buck had gathered a little wood for the fire. At the inner extremity of the pocket we occupied was a low ledge of overhanging rock. It projected but a few feet and was about the height of little Buck from the ground. I hesitated for some time whether it would not be dangerous to light a fire and thus guide our enemies to where we were, but at last concluded to place the wood under the ledge and cover the front with boughs. Driving three stakes into the ground, I placed the wood under them and lighted it. Then, filling my coffeepot with water from the stream and putting in my coffee, a very pleasant odor soon greeted our nostrils.

But all were too famished to wait for a cooked supper. Setting upon some corn pone I had brought, the others devoured it eagerly, I restraining my appetite long enough to put some bacon into the skillet. One article of food after another was devoured as it was got ready, and our coffee without milk came in at the end like the last course at a dinner.

As soon as we had finished our supper we put out the fire, laid boughs where it had been and covered them with dry leaves, making a bed for the two girls and Buck. Ginger was to bivouac wherever he liked, while I pro-



I begged to tell her that I [illegible] posed to watch. Leaving the others to get to bed, I took a carbine and walked toward the road.

There was a light step behind me, and, turning, I saw Helen coming.

"Go back," I said, "and take your rest. You need all you can get."

"I wish to take half your watch."

"You shall do no such thing."

"I am strong. The supper has revived me."

"Helen," I said quietly, at the same time taking her hand, "I am in command. As a good soldier it is your duty to obey."

I led her back to the camp. As we passed hand in hand over the dead leaves and crackling twigs my heart was filled even in our peril with a supreme happiness, yet a happiness marred by the gulf between us. I longed to tell her that I loved her—for her bravery, her strength of character, her devotion, for herself—but I could not without confessing myself an enemy to all she held dear.

When we reached the camp we stood face to face in the moonlight. It seemed as impossible to restrain the words I would utter as it was impossible to utter them. I dropped her hand and walked away to resume my watch.

From an eminence I turned and looked back. She was still standing in the moonlight. I knew that she was disappointed that I had withheld an expression of my love. What could I do? Turning again, I passed in among the trees.

All through that long night I walked with a soft tread, hearkening to the slightest sound, straining my ears whenever a breeze rustled the branches of the trees or starting when I heard some far [illegible] creature prowling in search of food. Yet during my watch one picture was ever present before me. All night I saw Helen standing in the moonlight, all night I brooded over the barrier that separated us. At dawn I felt that I must get some rest or I would not be able to lead the party further. Going to the little camp and awakening Ginger, I led him out to where I had been watching and told him to keep moving back and forth a short distance from the road and in case of danger raise the alarm. Then, returning to camp, I threw myself on the ground and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.
CAPTURED.

I WAS awakened by the kick of a heavy boot and, opening my eyes, looked into the face of Tom Jaycox. The expression of fiendish joy that shone through anxious caution [illegible] the very marrow of my bones. The muzzle of his revolver was within a few inches of my forehead, and his look told me that a word of alarm or a motion for self defense would be a signal for a bullet to go crashing through my brain.

"Git up," he whispered.

I stood on my feet.

"Move on."

It was the dawn of a beautiful spring morning. The perfume of young verdure, the twitter of birds, an occasional cock crow in the distance, gave me the thought that it is delightful to live. But they threw over me as well a contrasting gloom, for it seemed certain that this fair scene was the last of those pictures drawn by the divinely artistic hand of the Creator that I should ever look upon. My companions were all wrapt in a heavy slumber, induced by a long period of unrest. I bade a mute farewell to each as I passed, breathing a blessing on little Buck, whose arms were clasped about his sister, his young face and figure relaxed; on Jaqueline, her white face resting in a profusion of tumbled black hair; on Helen, her features strong even in sleep. There was a line between the lids of Helen's eyes, but I thought little of that, for it is not unusual for people to show this line when sleeping. I thanked God that my presence would no longer be a menace to these dear ones who had suffered so much for me.

Jaycox marched me out of the camp toward the road, across it and into a wood on the other side, where his horse was picketed to a tree. He was constantly looking about and listening, and I inferred this was for others of the gang, who had doubtless separated in order to cover more ground in their search for us. Finally the brute stood still and, pointing his revolver straight at me, fired two shots in rapid succession, the bullets singing close to my ears. He did not intend to kill me, though he was indifferent whether he did or not. He wished to serve a double purpose of signaling the band and intimidating me. Two similar shots were fired far to the north, and then my captor started off with me in that direction.

Entering the road, we proceeded, Jaycox, some ten yards behind me, amusing himself by firing occasional shots at me, evidently trying to see how near he could come to me without hitting me. One of his bullets grazed my ear, and I felt blood trickling on my collar, good evidence that he had missed his imaginary mark on the wrong side. He was doubtless firing for his double purpose of letting his companions know of his whereabouts and of torturing me. His signals and those of my other enemies were drawing nearer and nearer together. I did not doubt that the guerrillas would prevent any further opportunity for escape by murdering me at once, though they might delay long enough to force me to sign for a ransom which would have no effect in saving me. I lost all care whether Jaycox hit me or whether I was spared for a more terrible death by the gang. At last I was face to face with the inevitable.

I was trudging on mechanically, my eyes bent on the ground, Jaycox close behind swearing and shooting at me, when suddenly a shot rang out from behind us both. I turned and saw Jaycox tumble from the saddle. Running to where he lay, I bent over him and knew at once that I looked into the face of a dying man. He gave me one malignant look, a shiver passed over him, and his eyes were set in death.

I looked up and saw Helen standing in the road a short distance back with a carbine in her hands. There was something in the expression of her face, holding as she did the weapon, a light smoke curling from its muzzle, that brought vividly before me my enemy with his smoking pistol on the night of the massacre. A signal shot came from around the trees so near that we knew the rest of the band would soon be upon us. Quick as thought I sprang into the saddle left vacant by Jaycox and spurred toward Helen, she darting into the wood, I following and, after penetrating far enough, both hiding behind a rock covered with brush.

A horseman came dashing down the road, pulled up beside Jaycox's body, looked around anxiously as though fearing an ambush, then hurried back whence he came.

With one impulse Helen and I sprang into each other's arms. Oh, the rapture of that embrace! I essayed to speak to her, to utter even a word, an exclamation expressive of what I felt. I could only draw her cheek down against mine and warmly hold it there. Then I showered kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, her eyes. For the moment I forgot all but the rapture, the gratitude, the burning passion, that thrilled me, a passion such as comes but once, if ever, in a lifetime.

Suddenly there came to Helen a remembrance of our danger.

"Mount! Quick! All depends on putting space between you and those who will kill you the moment they get their hands on you again."

"And leave you? Not I!"

"Oh, my God! Are you going to act that way again?"

"You have killed Jaycox and released me a second time. Do you suppose they will overlook that?"

She became frantic at my opposition.

"You fool! You ingrate! To throw away your life when I have twice saved it."

"We will go together. Here, put your foot in my hand. Once in the saddle, you can ride away, while I can go as fast on foot as you."

"Hark!"

There were sounds of horses' hoofs coming leisurely from the south, and in another moment a mounted man in Confederate uniform emerged from behind the trees, loitering along, the picture of indolence.

"Look!" said Helen, her eyes fixed eagerly on the advancing figure. "It's—"

"Captain Beaumont, as I live!"

Never for a moment doubting that he was followed by his troopers, and infinitely preferring to fall into his hands rather than into the guerrillas', I hailed him. He reined in, stared at us, recognized us and after sitting for a moment in a [illegible] droop rode toward us.

"What is the name of—"

"[illegible], where are they?" gasped Helen.

"I have no men. I sent them back yesterday. We have found you fo'"—

"Then, Beaumont, captain," I said, "and be quick. There are guerrillas over there. They may murder you as well as us."

"My dear man," he said, dismounting leisurely, "yo' are always in a hurry. By the bye, where is that fascinating little creature"—

"Oh, captain," cried Helen, "a life—both our lives—are at stake!"

"What can I do fo' yo'?" asked the captain, at last impressed with our excited appearance.

By this time the guerrillas had come up to Jaycox's body and stood alternately looking at it and casting glances into the wood on either side of the road. They raised him, felt of his heart, knew that he was dead and dropped him.

"It's Jaycox," I whispered to the captain. "He kidnaped me today a second time. This brave girl followed and shot him. In a few minutes they will scour the wood. We have but one horse. It will never carry us both swiftly enough for escape."

"I relinquish my horse with pleasure, of co'se. May I assist"—

Helen's foot was in my hand and she in the saddle before he could finish. Then I sprang upon the other horse.

"Would you oblige me," the captain called after us as we hurried away, "by informing me where I can find that little beauty?"—

"Over there, in a pocket between knolls—half a mile. Tell them we'll join them later."

I can see him now, with his hand on his heart, bowing profoundly, and, notwithstanding a shudder at remembering the danger we were in, cannot repress a smile at the comical situation of this man who a few days before had ordered me out to be shot, then had offered to lend me money and now, giving me his horse to save my life, was about to start off hunting for Jaqueline in the Cumberland mountains.

Helen and I, riding side by side, dashed through brush, between trees, over rocks, runnels, rotting trunks of trees, our only thought to put space between us and our enemies. She was riding on a man's saddle, sidewise, luckily supported by a high pommel and holster, keeping her balance as if tied to the "ring." I reached out my hand. She gave me hers to press, and a lover's look, intensified by our danger, shot between us. It was only for an instant, for so rough was the ground, so numerous the obstructions, that we were obliged to keep our eyes constantly fixed ahead. There had been exciting moments since my first abduction, but nothing like the wild exhilaration that thrilled me now. I forgot the barrier that was still between us, thinking only that if this one ride were successful years of happiness might be in store for us.

Wondering if we were followed, I drew rein and listened. We could distinctly hear the brush breaking in our rear. Again we pushed forward.

It occurred to me that we were going directly from our camp and that the greater chance for safety, both immediate and ultimate, would be in hiding, with a view to inducing the guerrillas to pass us, thus affording an opportunity to return and join forces with our friends. Approaching a clump of wood skirted by open ground, a plan flashed through my brain to utilize both in order to elude our pursuers.

"Your bonnet!" I said to Helen.

She tossed it to me.

"Now ride straight for that thicket."

Spurring my horse to the utmost, I made a circuit, dropping the bonnet and a little farther on my hat. Helen entered the wood, and I, wheeling, dashed in on the farther side and rejoined her. Jerking off my coat, I wrapped it about my horse's ears and eyes to prevent his neighing to those approaching, and Helen, divining my intention, did the same to her own mount with her jacket. Then we stood waiting, not a sound escaping from either us or our horses, even their panting deadened by the covering. It was either life or death, with the chances in favor of death. We stood, hand in hand, looking straight into each other's eyes. In that moment of supreme suspense it was as if but one being waited for the result.

An exclamation—they have seen the bonnet! A shout—they have come upon the hat! They clatter on. Wait. A man in the rear is coming. He, too, passes, his horse's hoof beats dying in the distance.

Leaving the thicket, we made straight for the camp and in a few minutes dashed in upon our companions.

CHAPTER XIX.
BUCK'S INSCRIPTION.

CAPTAIN BEAUMONT had arrived but a few minutes before us and when we appeared was attempting to reassure Jack, who had completely collapsed at finding that both Helen and I had disappeared. He went to Helen and politely offered to assist her to alight.

"We must move out of this at once," I said. "All depends upon our getting down the mountain and into some town, where these villains will not dare follow us. All stay here while I reconnoiter."

I had not dismounted, and spurred my horse a few hundred yards westward, where I paused on the verge of the plateau. The sun was rising at my back and was pouring a flood of light on the lowlands a thousand feet below. I swept my eye over the rolling fields and woodland dotted with towns, villages, hamlets and many a fair plantation, with its manor house surrounded by the huts of the field hands. Far in the distance was a snakelike line in the road, moving forward, it seemed, as a reptile crawls: the cavalry that we had so nearly caught the day before, now on their way back to join the main force. I longed for a speaking trumpet sonorous enough to reach them, but there was no hope for us now in them, and I brushed away the [illegible] and made a survey of the [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] between taking one of these [illegible] and following the bed of the creek. On the spurs we might be seen; by the creek we would be concealed under the trees. I decided in favor of the latter. Returning to camp,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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THE STORM.

The squadroned troops of the Storm King rolled
Up from the dark'ning west;
With rumble of chariot wheels untold,
And glancing of towering crest.
And deep in the wood the bluebell heard
And waited with drooping head,
While out from the tree the twittering bird
Into the thicket sped.

With flashing of many a signal-light,
And mutter of martial drum,
He brought the conquering hosts of Night,
And the sun was overcome.
From hill and valley along his way
Were stricken the bonds of Heat
And not a leaf of a twig or spray
But blessed his hurrying feet.

Till the work was done; and adown the sky
He passed to the distance dim,
And drew his pennants, fluttering high,
Beneath the horizon's rim.
And deep in the wood the bluebell's face
Was covered with dewdrops o'er;
The sun peeped out from his hiding-place;
And the redbird sang once more.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Youth's Companion.

The Reporter's Story

I AM a newspaper man—that is, I am employed on a morning newspaper to write news, not love stories.

In my "assignments" I meet many men and hear many strange tales, some true, but the majority not. But surely the strangest of all is that I am about to relate.

It is customary for newspaper men to buy almost every afternoon paper in order to familiarize themselves with events that have taken place in the time intervening between the previous issue of the morning paper on which they are employed and the following one. Not that this has anything to do with the story—except that it serves to introduce one of the characters. I always bought my paper from one boy—"Jim" Taylor by name—and thus formed rather a liking for him, for he was always courteous—and dirty.

"Jim," I had learned from him, was an orphan and lived at the Newsboys' lodging house. He had no care beyond earning enough to feed and clothe himself, and, of course, a sufficient amount left over for a ticket for "de gallery in de t'eayter," accompanied by the traditional plat of peanuts.

In the two or three years I had known "Jim" he had never been absent from his post of duty at the corner. But about two months ago he was missing from his accustomed "place of business," and although I made inquiries, I could get no information concerning him beyond the fact that his companions "hadn't heard nothin' of him." So, after pondering as to whether the little fellow had committed a criminal act and had been sent to some institution or had been run over by some vehicle and was perhaps lying in a hospital without relatives or friends to care as to the result of his injuries, and further inquiries proving fruitless, the name of "Jim" passed temporarily from my mind.

A week ago, upon going to the office to get my "assignment" for the day, I found that opposite my name on the book were these instructions: "See Senator H— in regard to the rumor that he had been offered the presidency of the —— national bank."

Going to the senator's house, my summons at the door was answered by a rather bright-looking boy dressed in the conventional blue suit with white metal buttons, of whom I inquired: "Is Senator H— at ho—well, I'm blessed if this isn't little 'Jim.' How in the world did you get here?"

At which "Jim" smiled a very broad smile and replied: "Yes, sir, the senator is at home. How did I get here? Oh, the senator will tell you that if he isn't too busy. Your card, please."

This was said in a tone plainly indicating that he was to be treated in a manner becoming his station as door boy, and not with the familiarity he had been accustomed to as newsboy.

My card was handed him, and he returned with the announcement that the senator would receive me in his study, and would I "please to walk in."

The senator proved to be a man of small stature, with clean shaven face, and had altogether a boyish appearance. After such formal introduction customary to newspaper men making themselves known to entire strangers, I boldly started in with: "Senator, I called to see you in reference to the rumor that you were offered the—oh, by the way, excuse me, but how do you happen to have 'Jim' Taylor in your employ? He and I are old acquaintances."

I could not resist the temptation to satisfy my curiosity on that score before attending to my official duty.

"Indeed," replied the senator. "I am very glad to hear it, for my wife and I think a great deal of James, and are happy to do a favor for any of his friends. As to how I came to employ 'Jim,' as you call him, it is a story well worth the telling, in confidence, of course, although the joke was on me.

"You see, about a year ago I was called out west to attend to some business concerning my committee. Continuous traveling is not conducive to improving a man's personal appearance, so you need not marvel that when I arrived in New York on the return from my flying trip to Cincinnati I was covered with dust and was looking rather seedy. Indeed, I was in such a hurry to get to my hotel that I paid no attention to my personal appearance, and so my face was dust-begrimed when I stood on the hotel steps.

"As I had only an hour to spare before starting off again—this time for Albany—I thought it would be a good idea to get some bright newsboy to carry a note I had written on the train over to Judge Brown's office. I had learned that a quarter of a dollar invested in a newsboy will bring quicker results than double the amount paid to an incorporated institution for the service of a slow-going messenger.

"Well, Jim Taylor happened to be standing near the hotel steps selling papers, so I called him and instructed him as to delivering the message. As 'Jim' had a great many papers I said I would take them into the hotel and leave them with the clerk until he came back. Just as I was about to go into the office who should sing out a cheery 'Why, senator, how are you?' but Judge Brown himself. Glad to see him? Well, rather. I forgot that I was standing there on the steps of a public house with a muddy face and a bundle of papers under my arm.

"The judge and I stood there for some minutes discussing some business matters, when our conversation was interrupted by a handsome woman, accompanied by an equally attractive young girl, who asked me for an evening paper and tendered a ten-cent piece in payment.

"The situation dawned upon me as quick as a flash and although my face assumed all the colors of the rainbow, I calmly (at least I think I did) handed over the paper and gave the young lady her change. Just imagine! She thought I was selling papers, and that in the presence of the judge, too! However, I smiled serenely. But when I overheard the conversation that ensued between the two ladies you can picture that smile changing into chagrin. It ran this way:

"'Poor fellow!' said the young lady to her companion, 'he looks as if he had seen better days.'

"'Yes,' responded the younger, 'but he seems old enough to keep his face washed.'

"This was too much. Abruptly leaving the judge, who was convulsed with



MY CARD WAS HANDED HIM.

laughter, I threw the papers away, rushed into the hotel office, registered, took a bath, was shaved, and left just in time to catch my train.

"As James was waiting at the judge's office for him, of course I had departed before he came back, and so he did not get either his quarter or his newspapers, for I did not give him a thought in my chagrin and haste to get away.

"Well, I met the pretty young lady several times afterward at receptions, and those at the judge's house, too, mind you. And although the judge had not known her at the time of the ridiculous mistake, he immediately recalled the incident and came very near making the facts known to her. I managed to draw him aside in time to enforce a compact not to breathe a word about the matter.

"Two weeks ago, as you know, I was married to that same charming young lady, of course, and when I furnished this house, what better could I do than make a place for James, who was primarily the occasion of my happiness? Now, I want you to promise not to say a word about the matter, for if my wife was to know it—ah, er—Lucy, this is Mr. Blank; Mr. Blank, my wife."

Ah, well, I am only a newspaper reporter, sent about among scenes that both cheer and sadden, skilled by years of training to display no emotion, but somehow when I left the couple I felt that I would have willingly played newsboy for a year in order to have reaped the "profit" that the senator did.—N. Y. Times.

Last of the Fighters.

The last English king who fought on a battlefield was George II. At the battle of Dettingen, in Bavaria, 158 years ago, between the British, Hanoverian and Hessian troops (52,000 men) under George II. and the French (60,000 men) under Marshal Noailles, which resulted in a victory for the allies, his Britannic majesty continued the whole time in all the heat of the action. The conflict is said to have been fierce. George appeared in the same red coat he had worn at Oudenarde 35 years before. At one time he was nearly taken by the enemy, but was rescued by the Twenty-second regiment, the members of which, in remembrance of that day, wore a sprig of oak in their caps upon the anniversary of the battle for many years afterward.—N. Y. Press.

Teaching the Mosquito.

It is possible to accomplish not only more than one expects, but much more than one desires. "I understand Brown went to New Jersey last summer to study the mosquito," said one man to another, referring to a well-known entomologist. "So I heard," said the second man, "but when I met him the other day he said he felt that instead of studying entomology he'd been engaged in teaching anthropology most of the time!"—Youth's Companion.

Lion Versus Buffalo.

When Pursis and Clark were exploring in Africa, north of the Zambesi, they saw a large lion stalking a buffalo bull and a calf. In his native wilds the lion is no particular hero, while the African buffalo is one of the most dangerous of the wild things. So Pursis and Clark watched. Suddenly the bull charged, but the lion sprang to one side for an instant, then leaped for the calf. Before the beast could strike, however, the buffalo bull had turned again and charged. The lion, on the defensive, struck at his assailant, but the blow had no effect on the enraged creature. One of the long, cruel horns caught the lion in the side and the creature, weighing more than 400 pounds, was thrown ten feet into the air.—Chicago Tribune.

SWEET REVENGE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.]

I informed the party of my decision.

"Will you join us, Captain Beaumont?" I asked.

"I've been hunting fo' yo' all to' days," replied the captain, looking at Jack. "Now I've found yo', I'm not likely to part with yo'! Together we can whip the guerrillas."

"Not a dozen of them. Besides, we've had enough of that."

"What are you going to do with the horses?" asked Helen.

"Mount the ladies," suggested the captain.

"Thank yo'," observed Jack, "but I don't care to ride on a horse with his nose pointing to China and his tail at the stars."

"No one could ride a horse over such a route," said I. "I'll take care of the stock."

I tethered them in the little pocket we were leaving, knowing that they were less likely to betray our whereabouts to our enemies there than if I turned them loose.

"They'll starve," Jack remonstrated.

"I can't help it."

"They shall not!"

"Come, we have no time to lose."

But Jack set about collecting what little grass was to be had and piling it before them. The captain, seeing her determination, was soon on his knees gathering grass and throwing it in her apron.

"I hope the delay will not cost us our lives," I grumbled. "Now, Ginger, I want you to go off to the right just as far as you can and still keep me in sight. Buck, you go to the left and do the same, but keep close, for it won't do for us to call to each other."

"Jack can make all sorts of noises—cats, an owls an birds, so yo' can't tell 'em," Buck volunteered.

"Good! We may have occasion to use her. You girls keep behind about the same distance as our flankers. When we get to the creek, Ginger is to work down it on the right bank. Buck on the left, while I keep as near the creek as possible. Captain Beaumont, will you act as rear guard?"

"With pleasure, sir!"

"He'll go to sleep," remarked Jack, "and be left behind."

"Not with you in front," said the captain, looking at her reproachfully.

I gave the order to move. Making as little noise as possible, keeping each other in sight, except occasionally when the trees and underbrush were too thick, we proceeded to the brow of the plateau. Descending, we soon struck the creek and, under cover of the trees, proceeded downward in open order, walking rapidly, keeping a sharp lookout ahead and on the flanks. We had not gone far before an owl hooted behind me, and so natural was the cry that, had I not been expecting it, I should never have suspected it to have come from the throat of Jaqueline. Turning, I saw both girls pointing upward. On the very edge of the declivity and not far from where we had begun our descent a man was looking down from the plateau. We were so protected that he could not see us, for, besides being among the trees, we were in comparative shadow, while the man above stood out boldly in the light. He did not look like a guerrilla, but we hurried on.

Discovering a great advantage in Jack's signals, I called in the flankers and the rearguard and arranged with them that Jack was to travel with me as trumpeter. The hoot of an owl would mean "hide;" a woodpecker's rapping "rally on the center;" the notes of a thrush "take a back track," a hen's cackling "push forward in haste." These signals being perfectly understood, we opened again and advanced like a central sun and satellites.

We had made the principal part of the descent, when, coming to a convenient spot, I ordered a halt for rest, feeling a confidence that I had not felt since my abduction—a confidence I should not have yielded to, for we were yet far from safety. The place of our halt was a delightful angle in the stream we were following. Jack strolled away in search of wild flowers and was soon joined by Captain Beaumont, whose infatuation prevented him from thinking of aught else, even our common danger. Buck stretched himself under a short mountain oak, clasped his hands under his head, threw one leg over the bent knee of the other and looked straight up into the branches. Helen and I were thus left alone. We sat down on the bank of the creek in view of the bubbling stream. Taking a slender stick in her hand, Helen began to thrash the water. I saw that she was troubled, and I knew the cause. The barrier between us, which in a moment of intense excitement had faded out of sight, now loomed up again as ominously as ever. We sat without speaking. Jack and the captain were chatting briskly, every now and again speaking loud enough for us to hear some word that told of the captain's enthrallment. The silence between Helen and myself grew painful. I could say nothing to break the spell. I could but mutely express what I felt. Reaching out, I took her hand and drew her to me.

A shot!

Looking upward to the plateau, I saw a horseman dashing off to the spur north of us, whose ridge led to the level ground we were approaching. It was plain that we had been discovered, that the shot was a signal and the horseman was going to head us off.

The trouble had all come from Buck. I have no doubt we should have given the guerrillas the slip had it not been for his folly. There are certain idiosyncrasies in boys that are as natural to them as for a duck to swim or a robin to fly. Unfortunately, at a critical moment Buck encountered an incident that called out one of these idiosyncrasies. Gazing into the branches of the tree under which he lay, he espied a bird's nest. Unluckily, he noticed that a rock which admitted of a gradual ascent stood directly under the tree. Climbing the rock, he made his way among the branches and, leaning far out where the bright sun could shine directly on him, grasped for the treasure. Our enemy, who was at the time watching from the plateau, discovered him.

Calling the party together, I gave the order to push forward, not that there seemed to be any object in doing so, for we must expect to meet our pursuers, but we could not go back and could not stay where we were. Besides, motion would tend to pull together the faculties of the party, every one of whom was appalled at this relapse into the frightful dangers they had so long endured, though Captain Beaumont showed only irritation at having his tête-à-tête with Jack interrupted.

We had not gone far before we struck a path running parallel with the creek, which led us to a hamlet on a road leading north and south. There were but half a dozen houses in the place, including a small country store and a blacksmith shop. Before entering the town we consulted as to what we should do.

"Get horses," I proposed, "if there is time."

"Or a horse and wagon," said Helen.

"I reckon we'd better hide," was Buck's proposition.

"Let's get clothes," suggested Jack, "and dress up like village people."

I looked at Helen. Jack's proposition appeared to strike her with the same force it struck me. Of all things the guerrillas would expect us to do, disguising ourselves and going about the town as if we belonged there would be the last.

"Done!" I said as we entered the place. "Scatter. Tell the people the guerrillas are after us, and they'll help us. We'll have from 10 to 15 minutes to prepare."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Have you any idea how much money is lost in the street cars of this town?" asked a Metropolitan street railway conductor of a reporter the other day, after he had picked up a dime and stowed it in an inside pocket. "Well, there's a lot of it, and no one knows it better than we conductors. Hunting for coins on the bottom of my car is one of my regular grafts, and any other conductor who has been in the business long enough to get his eyes open is on the same lay. Last year I made up my mind to put away every cent I found in my car in an old iron bank I had at home, for the benefit of my youngster. I kept stowing the coins away, and at the end of the year I had 26.05. Of course that's not a barrel of money, but it's a right nice pick-up for a conductor. The biggest find I made that year was a fifty-cent piece. From that the coin ran all the way down to a cent. In the winter time the pickings are especially good, for then every one has on gloves, and coins slip from the fingers to the floor without the owner's knowing it. The only way to be sure you have all the money is to pick up the gratings on the floor. I do that every night as regularly as I eat my supper. Now I've figured it out that if I find 26 in one it's very likely that other conductors average somewhere near that sum, maybe more, maybe less. There are several thousand conductors in Greater New York, so that it's safe to say that at least $15,000 or $20,000 is annually dribbled on to the floors of street cars by the passengers. In this estimate I don't include large sums, which are sometimes lost in wallets and purses. A conductor is expected to turn these in at the office, and about all of them do. But the nickels and dimes and quarters are legitimate pickings and we all have our eyes peeled for them."—New York Sun.

"The cashier informed me," said the president, "that he was strongly tempted to skip with the funds, but that he locked himself up with them, prayed over them all night and finally overcame the temptation."

"I know it," said the chief director. "I had a detective at his door, one at each window and one on the roof while he was praying."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mark Twain recently sent the following letter to Andrew Carnegie: My Dear Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn-book; it costs six shillings. If you send me this hymn-book I will bless you. God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly, Mark Twain. P.S.—Don't send me the hymn-book; send me the six shillings."—New York Times.

The Buffalo Courier is authority for the story that a man of Pana, Ill., who rejoices in the name of Cannon, is reported to have christened his newly arrived daughter Pana Mary. She was named Mary after her mother and Pana after the town where she first saw the light of day. In christening her it is said her parents had no thought of the Buffalo exposition.

A statue of the Goddess of Light, which will be a feature of the Milwaukee exposition this year, is said to be the largest permanent statue ever made in the west. It is 26 feet high and will be placed on a pedestal 35 feet high. The next largest statue was that of the Goddess of Liberty, which was 25 feet high and stood in the Court of Honor at the Columbian exposition.

Ants and bees in Trinidad have been observed [illegible] bees [illegible] Some species use [illegible] from trees as ready-made [illegible] for their nests, and in some cases [illegible] the bark so as to cause a flow of the desired [illegible].

[illegible] growing in a poor soil seldom produce bright, high-colored flowers. [illegible] a blacksmith's shop have a tendency to intensify the color of many plants if dug in to the soil about their roots.

"I [illegible]," said he, "how much water [illegible] Niagara Falls to a quart?" "[illegible]" asked the [illegible]—Tit-Bits.

Offering Her a Bargain.

"Lady, won't you kindly give a poor man one cent?" "No, sir! Why don't you ask for a dime and be done with it?" "Oh, no, lady, I know the sex too well; I was once a married man."—Boston Traveler.

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1901.

Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, has been sentenced to be killed by electricity during the week of October 28th. His trial was brief and there were none of the sensational features that twenty years ago attended the trial of the murderer of President Garfield.

The sudden death of Judge Wilson, of Washington, this week, was a great set back to Admiral Schley, as he was the senior counsel for the admiral in the case now being investigated. The Judge was well known in this State. He was at one time the counsel for Mrs. Webster Ross, in her fight against the King heirs for a slice of William H. King's estate.

The Republican State Convention will be held in Infantry Hall, Providence, on Wednesday, October 10, 1901. Each city and town is requested to send delegates equal in number to three times their representation in the General Assembly. This will make Newport's delegation fifteen. The convention to nominate these delegates must be held not later than October 12, and the candidates for Senators and Representatives must be nominated not later than October 11. It is understood that the present State ticket will be renominated with the exception of Attorney General Tanner. He has been requested to retire and Assistant Attorney General Stearns will probably be nominated in his place.

Dartmouth College has this week celebrated in a very appropriate manner the centennial of the graduation of Daniel Webster from that institution in 1801. The occasion was improved to bring back the alumni of that venerable college from all parts of the world. There were over one thousand present, representing nearly every class from 1811 down to the present time. The event was made memorable from the scholarly addresses and orations that took place during the two days' celebration. The principal speakers were Congressman Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, a graduate of the college; Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. William Everett, ex-Gov. Black, of New York, another son of Dartmouth; and Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court. During the celebration the corner stone of the new Webster memorial building was laid with appropriate ceremonies. Louis Armstead, formerly of this city, a great-grandson of Daniel Webster, had a prominent part in laying the corner stone.

The political pot is not yet simmering to any great extent in Newport. Still the "managers" on both sides are quietly grooming their horses for the coming municipal race. It is now understood that Mayor Garrettson is willing to be his own successor, and his nomination by the Republican party is a foregone conclusion. Other names have been mentioned as candidates for the position, but with the mayor again in the field the others can wait till the "call" is louder than it apparently will be this fall. As the Democratic opponent to the mayor, ex-Mayor Boyle appears at present to have the pole. It is understood that he demands a nomination, and that being the case his party cannot ignore his claims. Ex-Mayor Boyle is a great vote getter and will make a strong run. It is currently reported that Assemblyman P. J. Murphy has also the mayor bee in his bonnet, but he probably will be requested to "wait," and content himself with being a candidate for State Senator, for which position it is understood that he is slated. He is to be put forward by those who desire the repeal of the police commission bill, in opposition to Senator Horton, who represents the city in the senate now and will doubtless be a candidate for re-election, as will also Assemblyman Wetherell. The other candidates for the General Assembly from either party are as yet unknown. The City Council will present some changes from the present body, but it is too early yet to predict what those changes will be.

Who Should Go To College?

The president of Yale attempts to answer this question in the current issue of Success: "For the great majority of men," he says, "a college course is of inestimable value. For a minority, it is worse than useless. How shall a boy determine to which of these classes he belongs?

"A good college offers a student three things: theoretical knowledge of principles connected with his business, breadth of general culture, and friendships that are of service to him now and hereafter. If he appreciates these things, and can take them seriously, a college is a good place for him. If he cannot thus appreciate at least one of them, he would better not go to college at all.

"None of these things can be played with. They must all be achieved by hard work, none the less hard because it is so often pleasurable.

"If a boy thinks that the study of theory is a short and easy way for the acquirement of practical skill, he is gravely mistaken. It is quite apart from practical skill, and its usefulness [illegible] the later stages of the student's development than they do when he first goes into the office or the shop. The theory of mechanics or of physics is not to be studied by lectures and experiments. It means knowledge of analytical geometry and differential calculus. The theory of chemistry is not to be learned by amusement in the laboratory, but by attention to dry principles which require the utmost exactitude of application. The theory of political economy is not to be learned by the reading of entertaining books and magazine articles. A student who would really master it must understand the principles of law and of ethics which are more difficult than those which he meets in the routine of ordinary business. Those so-called theories which are easily acquired and glibly recited are met, in practice, with a contempt which is well deserved."

The State Game Laws.

The Agricultural Department has prepared a digest of the game laws of the several States for 1901, which will be issued in the form of a pamphlet. Last spring, amendments to the game laws were enacted by the legislatures of nearly all the States, and numerous changes were made. The Department says:

"Experience has shown that while much stress is laid on close seasons, comparatively little importance is attached to violations of other provisions of the game laws, and it does not seem to be generally recognized that killing game by illegal methods, in excess of the number allowed by law, or for unlawful purposes, is as serious an offense as killing game out of season.

"In order to emphasize this point, a special chapter on methods has been introduced and some of the other sections in the former report have been rearranged. As the bulletin now stands, it is practically a complete digest of existing Federal, State and Provincial laws relating to the capture, shipment and sale of game."

Obviously, in a country like this, the public needs some education on game laws. For about two hundred years after the settlement of the United States, such laws were unnecessary, because game was so abundant that there was enough for every poor man who knew how to use a gun or a rod. Gradually, in the more thickly settled portions of the country, the animals most in demand were practically exterminated, and this process was hastened by the immense depredations of milliners and furriers, who paid what seemed to the country people to be large prices for the skins of birds and animals. As transportation facilities were improved and extended, it became possible to supply game for city markets in much larger quantities than had before been sent there, and all this time little or no effort had been made toward preserving or breeding the species thus ruthlessly destroyed. The history of game preserving in this country is much the same as that of forestry. In both cases the natural resources of the land have been ignorantly or ruthlessly destroyed; and in both cases it is necessary, by wise and well-directed legislation to repair the damage before it is too late.

This is a matter which ought to be brought to the attention of every farmer in the country. If he impresses upon his children and his neighbors and his hired men the obvious truth that when they destroy a bird in the breeding season they are helping along the time when there will be no birds at all, he will be doing a good work. To this end, the pamphlet issued by the Agricultural Department should be carefully circulated and carefully read.

French Aid in the Revolution.

In the September number of Scribner's Magazine General Francis V. Greene writes authoritatively and interestingly of the development of the United States army. General Greene is as warm in his praise of American prowess as the most patriotic of his readers could possibly wish him to be, and he even inclines to the belief that the French alliance during the Revolution was not absolutely necessary to secure American independence. He does not express this as a definite conclusion, but his language is all pointed in that direction. He writes:

"The total number of French troops actually in service in America was about 8,000. They landed at Newport in July, 1780, remained in New England until they marched to Yorktown in 1781, returned to the Hudson river in the spring of 1782, and sailed for the West Indies in the autumn of that year. Small as were their numbers, they were of immense benefit not only because of the service they rendered at Yorktown, but because of the example of military training which they gave to the Continental army. Whether the Revolution could have been successful without the aid of France and its soldiers, is one of those questions which can be debated at great length without ever reaching a definite and certain conclusion. It must be remembered that the French took part in only one engagement, namely, that of Yorktown, whereas the Americans had fought the British at Boston in 1775; at Long Island, Harlem, White Plains, Fort Washington, Trenton, and Princeton in 1776; at Bemis' Heights, Saratoga, Brandywine, and Germantown in 1777; at Monmouth and Newport in 1778. However great an advantage may have been derived from the aid of the French, it is certainly true that the great bulk of the fighting was done by the Americans and only a portion by the French; that it was the Americans who had, so to speak, fought the British to a standstill in 1778, so that no further offensive operations were ever undertaken in the North. It may be, therefore, fairly said that the bulk of the military work, the battles, campaigns and marches of the Revolution, were conducted by the Americans, and that the greater portion of the success—[illegible] the most—was due to them."

Natural Food Conservatory.

A Description of the New Home of the Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

Far away in the northern part of New York, standing close beside the upper rapids of the mighty Niagara river, in the city of Niagara Falls, there is being completed such an innovation in the methods of manufacture as the world has never seen. Perfection of machinery, economy of operation, beauty of design—all are noticeable; but these have been before in these days of perfection in mechanical things. What is wonderful and new about it is the arrangements made for the comfort of the employes. When this home of the Shredded Wheat Biscuit, for such it is, is completed, there will be libraries, sitting-rooms, lavatories, bath-rooms, and so on for the free use of the employes, together with a large hall where lunch will be served to them free. As a method of advertising, it is unique, but eminently ingenious; as a method of increasing the efficiency of labor, quite as unique, and more ingenious as well as decidedly practical. The whole plant is a model for manufacturers.

The outside of the building is very attractive, being built of yellow brick. Although it is in the heart of the business section, the appearance of the building is so attractive that it does not seem at all out of place.

Entering through the main doors, we pass into a large reception room, beautifully finished in white enamel. On each side are writing rooms, waiting-rooms, lavatories, and so forth for the use of visitors, all of whom have to be accompanied by authorized guides, when examining the building.

We join a party of sight-seers, who are soon to start with the guide, and from him we learn that parties start from this hall regularly every half-hour. The first place to which we are conducted is a large auditorium capable of seating a thousand people. This is to be used for conventions and gatherings of any kinds in the city.

Above this auditorium is a large dining-hall, where the employes are to be served their midday meal free of charge. This hall is on the fifth floor, where it commands a fine view of the river and rapids. While we are commenting on the view we are lead up one more story to the roof, which has been fitted up into a beautiful and attractive roof-garden for the use of the employes.

Going inside again, we see a large room devoted to cleaning, separating, and curing the grain before it is cooked. There are many machines devoted to this, as the impurities, such as straw, seeds of other kinds, etc., all have to be taken out, and nothing but the perfect kernals left. The wheat is lead to these machines from the wheat bins by long belt.

From the machines it is again carried by conveyors to the steam cookers. It may be said here that after the wheat enters the bins, it is not touched by until it is packed into the boxes for shipment.

After being thoroughly cooked and cured, the grain passes to the shredding machines, where by means of rolls, it is changed from a round kernal to a long thread, and then, in the same machine, is automatically cut into biscuits.

A pneumatic adjustment lays the biscuits on trays. These trays are then laid on shelves, which turn like a "Ferris Wheel" in an immense oven. Here the biscuits receive their final baking. There is, however, some moisture left in the biscuit, so from here they are taken to an oven in which they are kept for several hours under a slow heat. After coming from this oven, they are cooled and then packed by girls into the paper boxes, which are then automatically sealed and laid into cases.

Most of these machines are on the second floor of the building. Around the walls is a gallery, part of which is devoted to sightseers, none of whom are allowed on the floor. The other part is used as a unique sort of restaurant, where the general public may sample the shredded wheat biscuit. The customer seats himself at the table, writes his order from an elaborate bill-of-fare, lays it on a little electric car which stands in front of him, presses a button, and the car goes off, to return in a short space of time bearing the order.

The windows all over the building are double-glazed, to keep out dust and smoke. The air is changed every fifteen minutes by a fan system, the air passing through filters and over heating or cooling pipes, so as to be delivered at an even temperature.

From this description one may partially appreciate the perfection that characterizes the building throughout, but on really seeing it one begins to realize that it about as near an ideal "food conservatory" as can be built.

378 Miles by Train and Steamers for $5.00.

Over the famous Berkshire Hills to Albany, down the Hudson River by either day or night boat, on the Fall River Line and N. Y., N. H. & H. to Boston.

Special Annual Autumnal New York Excursion on the Boston & Albany R. R. from Pittsfield and all points east of there, Thursday, Oct. 11. Send to A. S. Hanson, Gen. Pass. Agent, for descriptive leaflet.

One View of It.

"I wish our enemies wouldn't always wait until after we are dead to say things about us."

"Oh, but think how comfortable it must be not to hear them!"

It has been estimated that it will require eighty-five men working every day until 1947 to unearth the entire ruins of Pompeii.

Washington Matters.

President Roosevelt's Firmness—News Mongers and Sensation Hunters Not Satisfied—The President's Wise Course—His Acts Thoroughly Approved by the Party Leaders—Fake Interviews with the President—Yellow Journalism Promptly Squelched.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1901.

President Roosevelt has announced his desire that all the members of the present Cabinet retain their places. Like most of the news authorized by him, this information is decisive and unqualified. He has a way of telling the newspaper men just as much of his business as he thinks fit, and then, with a pleasant smile, shutting his mouth and the door on them simultaneously. This is all right for the press representatives who are really after the news, but it is hard on the sensation mongers. They have no hints or rumors, or half-truths on which to build headlines.

There is a considerable sensation, however, in this simple announcement, for very few people thought that Roosevelt would do just what he has done. All sorts of surmises were flying about concerning the changes in the Cabinet, which were immediately to take place, and some audacious Washington correspondents had the temerity to state positively that nearly the whole Cabinet would "suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange." They even went so far as to give the names of the resigning officers and of those who would fill their places. They must be disappointed to find that after all this cackling they have really nothing of importance to tell. It is hard when the advertisement is more exciting than the show. There is only one sensation in it instead of half a dozen, and that one is that a man who was thought by many people to be radical, almost revolutionary, turns out to be wisely conservative.

Those who know Roosevelt well, however are not so much surprised as others. His action in this matter has steadied public sentiment, established confidence in him and in the administration, and had a good effect in every way. Nothing could have been gained by a change which has not been won twice over by this conservatism, and it has had all the stronger effect because unexpected. If Roosevelt had been a weak or commonplace man, one who followed the beaten path because it is easiest, his decision might have been considered merely the resultant of several co-existing party forces, and his stability would have only been a matter of the continued union of these forces. But he is not that kind of a man; his worst enemies never accused him of being easily influenced. He chose this course because his judgment and his instincts told him that it was best; and if the whole party had been against it he would have done the same thing. This being so, his steadiness and conservatism can be depended upon until circumstances plainly indicate that it is best to move, and then he will dare, just as he retained the Cabinet, on his own responsibility.

Some of the Senators of Roosevelt's party, and other prominent public men, who have been interviewed, plainly show by their comments their thorough approval of the new Executive. Senator Frye of Maine said: "The business men of New England seem to be impressed with the fact that there will be no change of policy, in spite of the fact that a new man is at the helm of state. Under such conditions there need be no halt in business enterprises."

Speaker Henderson said: "My observation is that the business men of the country have confidence in President Roosevelt, and are going on just the same as if President McKinley were alive."

Ex-Senator Washburn said: "I have taken pains to sound business men toward the new administration, and on every hand I found them, great and small, confident that President Roosevelt fully understood the interests of the country and would deal with them safely and wisely."

Senator Depew says: "In forty-eight hours President Roosevelt has placed us upon solid ground."

Senator Spooner said: "No one could be more anxious to give to the country an administration which will promote rather than retard its progress than President Roosevelt."

As for Hanna, Platt, and the other prominent Republican leaders, they do not disguise their satisfaction at this turn of affairs; and some of the Democratic leaders have also expressed unqualified approval, though they have not sowed it abroad to quite such an extent as those of the other party.

The alleged interview stating that Roosevelt would not be a candidate for President in 1904 has been branded as fake. Mr. Roosevelt has admitted that he did say something which might be considered to amount to that, and it was this, that while, in other circumstances, he might have thought of such a candidacy as possible, the tragic event which made him President has made it impossible for him to contemplate any active work in that direction. This would seem to be self-evident.

Another yarn which has been broken off short is the one to the effect that Secretary Hay and Mr. Roosevelt were at loggerheads on the subject of the Isthmian canal. It is true that at first Mr. Roosevelt did not approve of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a whole; but he has modified his opinions somewhat and after the treaty was defeated in the Senate it likewise underwent some changes. It is said by those on the inside that there is a likelihood, almost a certainty, that the treaty leading to the construction of the Isthmian canal will be ratified within a year.

One of the things in which President Roosevelt is certain to take active interest is the question of colonial administration. General Wood believes that by next June the Cubans will be ready to take care of themselves. It is comforting to remember that General Wood and President Roosevelt got their experience of Cuba side by side, are warm personal friends, and understand each other thoroughly.

On the whole, however, the most notable thing in this week's news is the promptness with which yellow journalism has been squelched. Roosevelt's way of stopping sensational stories reminds one somewhat of the old story of the man with one leg, who had an inquisitive fellow traveler, and finally agreed, in order to put a stop to the man's interminable questions, to tell how he lost his leg on condition that he should not be asked another question. "The fact is," he said, "it was bit off." A great many budding sensations have been "bit off" in the past few days, and the public is less uncertain in its mind.

Heated Imagination.

Wife. "I don't know how I shall keep warm this winter in this house."

Husband. "You just imagine I have refused you a new dress, and you'll get red hot right off."—Baltimore World.

He Knew.

She. How beautifully Miss Heavyweight danced! She doesn't seem to touch the floor sometimes!

He (whose feet are still suffering from the last polka with her)—She doesn't! Punch.

Reciprocal Help.

Doctor. "Well, my good woman, what do you want?"

Beggar. "A quarter, doctor, give me a quarter and I'll tell everybody that you helped me."—New York Times.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

$50.00 Round Trip to California.

Chicago & North-Western Ry., from Chicago, September 19 to 27. The Overland Limited, the luxurious every day train, leaves Chicago 6:30 P. M. Only three days enroute. Unrivaled scenery. Variable routes. All meals in Dining Cars. Buffet Library Cars (with barber). Two other fast trains 10:00 A. M. and 11:30 P. M. daily. The best of everything. Daily and personally conducted tourist car excursions to California, Oregon and Washington. Apply to your nearest ticket agent or address J. E. Brittain, 368 Washington street, Boston, Mass.—9-14-3w.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER 1901. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
21 Sat	5 40	6 0	11 33	1 21	1 38
22 Sun	5 47	5 58	mo'n	2 30	2 38
23 Mon	5 48	5 56	0 37	3 24	3 38
24 Tues	5 49	5 55	1 39	4 11	4 31
25 Wed	5 50	5 53	2 45	5 00	5 23
26 Thurs	5 51	5 51	3 53	5 44	6 05
27 Fri	5 52	5 50	5 6	6 27	6 50

Last Quarter 5th, 0h. 30m., morning.
New Moon 12th day, 5h. 9m., evening.
First Quarter 20th day, 0h. 23m., morning.
Full Moon 27th, 3h. 15m., morning.

First Class Farm For Sale.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

Real Estate Agent, Newport, R. I.,

Offers for sale a farm of 32½ acres in Middletown, with dwelling house and farm buildings, in good order. Excellent land for raising vegetables and poultry. Price $4,500 will lend $3,000 on it. About 3 miles out of Newport, 10 minutes' walk from Fall River trolley line. This is a cheap, good farm. Telephone No. 324. Mr. Taylor's office, 124 Bellevue avenue.

Deaths.

In this city, Ella Muriel, daughter of Edward L. and Ella H. Doucette, aged 11 weeks.

In this city, Sept. 21, Rosina C. F. Wagner, in the 78th year of her age.

In this city, 22nd inst., Daniel C. Sullivan, aged 82 years, formerly of Coal Mines Portsmouth, residence, 37 Brewer street.

In this city, 24th inst., Annie J., widow of George H. James, in the 55th year of her age.

In this city, Sept. 25, Walter Doe, aged 41 years.

In this city Sept. 26, James Hill.

In Boston, 26th inst., John B. Brownell, aged 73 years.

In Providence, 23th inst., Sarah C., widow of Dr. Lewis P. Mason of Charlton, Mass., 73; Sept. 21, Elizabeth Bowen, widow of John O. Wood, 82; Sept. 21, Frederic A. Daniel, 17; Sept. 18, Angeline, widow of Henry W. Bryant, 88; 24th inst., Hiram Hart, 77; 24th inst., Jonathan Payne, 64; 23 inst., Dennis Brooks.

In East Providence, 24th inst., Jane, wife of George Langstaff, in her 88th year.

In Johnston, Sept. 24, Charles F. Murgatroyd, of Bradford, England.

In Pawtucket, Sept. 25, Louisa, widow of Henry Briggs, in her 72 year.

In Pawtucket, Sept. 24, Elizabeth K., widow of H. A. Butler, in her 60th year.

Acreage Land For Sale Near Indian Avenue.

I have 18 acres of land, commencing at Green End Road and running northerly about ¼ of a mile. This is an excellent location for an ideal summer home, or could be used very profitably for farm purposes, it being in an elevated position, the view from here is very extended and very fine. I can offer this land for $4,500, and it is in close proximity to land held firm at $800 per acre, and is equally as good.

The John R. DeBlois Farm, on Gypson Lane, comprising 11 acres of land and good farm buildings, I am also offering for sale. I am sole agent for both of the above places.

SIMEON HAZARD,

94 BROADWAY,

Telephone 883.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brentgood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A RAISE UNLIKELY

Mill Men Expect to Hold to Present Wage Schedule

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Fall River, Mass., Sept. 27.—Secretary Hathaway of the Fall River Manufacturers' association has received the communication of the Textile Council, setting forth the action of the council in favor of the increase in wages of 5 percent, to take effect after Sept. 30.

It is believed that the manufacturers will endeavor to keep in force the existing schedule of wages. The executive committee, to which the letter of the Textile Council has been sent, can do nothing officially until the members of the Manufacturers' association abrogate the last agreement by which the present scale of wages was fixed. This scale was signed by every manufacturer in the association, and pledges each member to refuse the payment of a higher scale until a new schedule is accepted.

The agreement further provides that in case one mill is forced to shut down in case of a strike, because of another mill in this city paying a higher wage scale, that mill will be compensated for the loss of profit resulting from such labor trouble.

This article of the agreement applies directly to the present situation. Two corporations, the Iron Works and the Bourne mills, will pay higher wages next week. The remaining mills of the city will not, as far as has yet been determined.

Quincy Will Be Nominated

Boston, Sept. 27.—The Democratic contests in the ward rooms of the state yesterday had little in the feature line except in Boston. Only one disturbance occured, that being in ward eight, where there were 75 police officers, and after the single disturbance ex-Alderman Brick was arrested on suspicion of having promoted it. The caucuses throughout the state showed that Josiah Quincy will be nominated for governor by the Democrats. The make-up of the balance of the state ticket is not indicated.

Passes Worthless Checks

Boston, Sept. 27.—The police of the principal cities on the Atlantic coast are endeavoring to locate a man giving his name as William Lansing, who is traveling throughout the eastern states uttering forged worthless checks, claimed to have been received from the Boston Transcript as compensation for services as a contributor. The man is about 53 years of age, six feet in height and weighs about 200 pounds. He is of medium complexion.

Mystery Still Unexplained

Boston, Sept. 27.—The body of Orville H. Moses, about whose death in the creek of the Back Bay Fens some mystery remains, was taken to Bath, Me., for burial yesterday. The banks of the creek have been searched for signs of a possible struggle, but as yet nothing has developed of a nature to indicate that murder has been done. The police think that Moses took his own life.

Milk War Not Unlikely

Boston, Sept. 27.—A difference of 1-2 cent per can in the price of milk is all that stands between the New England Milk Producers' union and the Boston milk contractors in their efforts to arrange a mutually satisfactory winter price for milk, but neither side seems disposed to concede that half cent, and another milk war like that of last spring may be the outcome.

In a State of Uncertainty

Boston, Sept. 27.—The situation over the attorney general fight has not cleared up sufficiently to impress one candidate for nomination that his opponent has a winning lead. Managers for the caucuses for both Parker and Harris have reached that stage of confidence in which to issue long type-written statements, claiming to have won the contest.

Case of Murderer Best

Boston, Sept. 27.—The exceptions taken by counsel for John C. Best, convicted of the murder of George E. Bailey in Saugus, will not be argued before the supreme court until the November sitting. The murder occurred Oct. 5, 1900. Best is in the Salem jail, and in excellent health.

Veterinary School to Close

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 25.—With the opening of the collegiate year, the Harvard veterinary school will be closed. The Harvard corporation made an appeal for endowment funds for this school. No money was forthcoming, and the school will accordingly be given up.

Probable Case of Suicide

Bristol, N. H., Sept. 27.—The body of Adolph Walters, aged 45, was found yesterday in two feet of water at the outlet of Newfound lake. Walters had been despondent of late, occasioned by his inability to secure work.

Wet Goods Corralled

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 27.—Deputies Carrigan and Marecus seized over 1000 gallons of ale and beer and 150 gallons of whiskey at the lower Maine Central railroad station yesterday. The goods were marked "J. B."

Accepts Gubernatorial Nomination

Boston, Sept. 24.—John B. Lewis of Reading has accepted the nomination for governor of Massachusetts tendered him by the Prohibitionists at their recent convention.

Bitten and Stabbed

Boston, Sept. 26.—Howard Baks, aged 25, colored, in a fight on Grove street last night, was bitten and slightly stabbed by a man whom he says was Wesley Flynn.

The Americans Won

New York, Sept. 26.—The athletes of Yale and Harvard met the athlete representatives of Oxford and Cambridge universities yesterday at Berkeley oval in track and field events and [illegible] and [illegible] of the Americans [illegible] proved to be too much for that of the visitors, the Americans winning [illegible] out of the nine events on the program.

THE CUP IS SAFE

In the Opinion of Men Who Are Posted on Yachting

Columbia Showed Her Superiority In Twenty-Five Mile Race

New York, Sept. 27.—One of the biggest crowds that ever put to sea went down to the Sandy Hook lightship yesterday to witness Sir Thomas Lipton's second challenger, the Shamrock II, and the white flyer Columbia, which successfully defended the old America's cup against his first trophy hunter, two years ago, struggle for the yachting supremacy of the world in the first of the cup races of 1901.

But the excursion fleet returned disappointed. The great single stickers went out fresh for the battle, but the sea refused them a field of conflict. The winds never more than nine, and sometimes as slow as three knots, was too light and shifty to carry the contestants over the 30-mile course in the time allowed by the rules. At the end of 5 1-2 hours the race was officially declared off, and the yachts were towed back to their berths inside of Sandy Hook.

When the gun aboard the committee boat was fired to call off a race the signal declaring the race off, the American boat was still five miles from the finish line. The English boat was well astern of her, the experts estimating her distance behind the Columbia at over three-quarters of a mile.

Americans will have reason to congratulate themselves upon the result of the first trial. The Columbia was headed but once in the 25 miles covered, and then the Englishman showed the way for only five minutes.

In windward work the Columbia beat the foreigner 7 minutes and 15 seconds to the outer mark, and increased her lead somewhat in the broad reach for home. While the test was unsatisfactory the yachting sharps who have been skeptical up to this time as to the ability of the Columbia to successfully defend the cup are more confident that it will remain on this side of the Atlantic a while longer. Certainly Columbia's superiority in light airs appears to have been demonstrated.

Shamrock II did not, in fact, make so good a showing as did Lipton's first challenger in the half dozen flukes that preceded the actual races two years ago. What Shamrock may be able to do in heavy weather is, of course, problematical, but Columbia has been tried and all her admirers insist that she is distinctly a heavy weather boat.

Two years ago Mr. Lipton's prayer was for wind, but when he got a smashing 25-knot gale in the last race, Columbia's victory was even more decisive than in the first. Since then Columbia's ability in heavy weather has been proven again and again.

The harder it blows the faster she goes and the better she behaves. It is not strange, therefore, that the patriotic skippers and spectators who went down to Sandy Hook with misgivings returned reassured and strongly disposed to wager that the pretty wreath of shamrocks and white heather from the oldest yacht club in the world, which Mr. Lipton is treasuring in the cabin of his champion, will prove no mascot after all.

An Anarchistic Prince

Rome, Sept. 27.—The Russian Prince Karachidze and his wife have been arrested as anarchists and will be conducted to the frontier. They entered Italy in defiance of the anti-anarchistic regulations. The prince was condemned to death in Russia in 1887 for conspiracy against the czar, and was expelled from France in 1890 for making bombs.

McKinley Stamps Impracticable.

Washington, Sept. 25.—The postmaster general has decided that the proposition to issue stamps for general use in commemoration of the late President McKinley is impracticable, in view of the length of time required for preparing the issue and other difficulties. No such stamps, therefore, will be issued.

Boy Faces Life Sentence

Portland, Me., Sept. 23.—After about 15 minutes' deliberation, the jury in the superior court returned a verdict of conviction in the case of Cleveland Grover of Brunswick, 16 years of age, who was accused of setting fire to the dwelling of a neighbor on the night of Sept. 5. The penalty is life imprisonment.

Surrender of Aguinaldo's Bodyguard

Manila, Sept. 23.—Aguinaldo's bodyguard, Major Alhambra, two captains, two lieutenants and 20 men, surrendered about 40 miles north of Baler, to Captain Detchemendy Saturday, took the oath of allegiance and were released.

Rumor of Kitchener's Resignation

London, Sept. 27.—The Daily News publishes an unconfirmed rumor that Lord Kitchener has resigned the post of commander-in-chief in South Africa, owing to disagreements with Mr. Brodrick, the war secretary.

Corbin to Take a Bride

Washington, Sept. 27.—Announcement is made that the marriage of Major General Corbin, adjutant general of the army, to Miss Edythe Patten, will take place in this city at the residence of the bride, on Nov. 6.

Mrs. McKinley Lacks Strength

Canton, O., Sept. 27.—"Mrs. McKinley's strength is not all that could be desired, but she is doing just as well as could be expected." This is the expression of Dr. Rixey.

Mines Under Military Protection

Madisonville, Ky., Sept. 27.—The Bowling Green and Owensboro state guards have arrived here, and the Reinecke mines have resumed operations with a full force.

Investigating Hard Luck Stories

Washington, Sept. 27.—The war department is investigating stories to the effect that there is danger of great suffering and calamity at Cape Nome, unless some steps are taken at once to remove destitute members of the mining community. The department has issued instructions that the transport Egbert be put in readiness for immediate service, if needed.

SAMPSON'S INTENTIONS

Not Very Well Understood by Schley on the Twenty-Second of May

Washington, Sept. 27.—The Schley court of inquiry had only chosen at a yesterday, adjourning at 12:15 o'clock in order to permit its members and others engaged there to attend the funeral of Judge Wilson, late chief counsel for Admiral Schley. Captain Wise concluded his testimony, Admiral Cotton made a brief statement on recall, and Lieutenant Wood, who commanded the dispatch boat Dupont during the Spanish war, began his testimony.

Captain Wise was questioned at considerable length as to what he had done before the arrival of the flying squadron off Santiago towards locating Cervera's fleet in the harbor. He said that while he had satisfied himself of the presence of the Spaniards, he had been content to communicate his knowledge to Commander Schley through Captain Sigsbee, not considering it necessary to make direct communication with the commander-in-chief.

Lieutenant Wood gave the particulars of his delivery of dispatches from Sampson to Schley on May 22, while Schley lay off Cienfuegos. He said that Schley seemed very nervous and especially anxious to know what Sampson's intentions were. He had not concluded his testimony when the court adjourned for the day.

Police Working on Mystery

Boston, Sept. 26.—The police of this city are making efforts to fathom the mystery of the death of Mrs. Katherine Mink, at her home on Oak street. Her husband reported to the police that he had returned home and found his wife in bed dead. When the police arrived at the house the body was cold, and a medical examiner found numerous bruises on the body, and also a broken rib, one end of which penetrated the spleen. No evidence has been secured to warrant making any arrests.

Lawyer Browne's Generous Bequests

Boston, Sept. 26.—By the will of Edward I. Browne, one of Boston's oldest lawyers, \$170,000 is left outright to public and charitable institutions, and, after making a number of private bequests, the residue, subject to contingencies, is distributed between Harvard university, the Massachusetts Charitable eye and ear infirmary and the city of Boston, the gift to the city to be used for public improvements.

Law's Hand Fell Heavily

Boston, Sept. 21.—Charles Smith, colored, when he came up yesterday for sentence on two counts of assault with intent to kill, was sentenced to not more than 20 years nor less than 18 in state prison. About eight months ago he shot an Italian and hit another colored man with an axe handle in a fierce onslaught which Smith started in Roxbury. Both of the injured survived.

Boston Expressmen Out

Boston, Sept. 26.—The strike of the expressmen against the New York and Boston Dispatch and the Earl & Prew companies yesterday was considered by the officials of the union last night to be a complete success. Not one of the 266 drivers and helpers reported for duty yesterday. They say they will not return to their positions unless the discharged union men are reinstated.

Bullet In His Abdomen

Northampton, Mass., Sept. 26.—Joseph Ready, aged 16, died here last night as the result of wounds inflicted by the accidental discharge of a revolver. He was cleaning his revolver, preparing to leave for his home in New York, and while a shell was being extracted the bullet entered his abdomen. His brother was shot in a similar accident two years ago.

Maggio Held For Grand Jury.

Silver City, N. M., Sept. 26.—Antonio Maggio, who is said to have declared several months ago that President McKinley would be killed before Oct. 1, had a preliminary trial here yesterday, and was held under \$10,000 bonds to await the action of the United States grand jury, which meets on Oct. 7. Maggio admitted that he was an anarchist.

Five Percent Raise In Wages

Fall River, Mass., Sept. 25.—Hardly had the good news circulated about Fall River that M. C. D. Borden, owner of the Iron Works mills, had advanced his operatives' wages 5 percent, when George A. Chase, treasurer of the Bourne mills, a Rhode Island corporation, employing 600 hands, posted a notice of similar import.

Mrs. Roosevelt In White House

Washington, Sept. 26.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt took up her permanent residence in Washington last night, when, as mistress of the White House, she occupied apartments there for the first time. She reached the city about 9:20, bringing with her two of the Roosevelt children, their governess and a housekeeper.

More Than Ten Million Homeless

Shanghai, Sept. 24.—There is terrible destitution in the Yang Tse districts, owing to the recent floods, which have not yet subsided. More than 10,000,-900 persons are homeless. It is feared the distress will promote civil disorders during the coming winter.

Hanging From Tree For Months

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 23.—The body of Herman Gluther, who disappeared last May, was found yesterday hanging from a tree, one mile above Barkerville. Coroner Samson decided that an inquest was unnecessary as the case was doubtless a suicide.

Hanged Himself In Cell

Marlboro, Mass., Sept. 24.—Edwin C. Carpenter was arrested yesterday by Policeman Conners for drunkenness. Later he was found hanging from the top of his cell door by means of his suspenders and necktie. He was 33 years old.

Cried Himself to Death

La Porte, Ind., Sept. 27.—Caleb Hatway wept continuously from the afternoon President McKinley was shot, and frequently went into paroxysms of grief. It was found impossible to control or assuage his grief, and up to the hour of his death yesterday he wailed constantly. Physicians say he literally cried himself to death.

VERY EARLY DATE

Set For the Electrocution of Leon Czolgosz

Insists That No One Knew of His Plans to Murder the President

Buffalo, Sept. 27.—Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was sentenced yesterday afternoon to be put to death by electricity in Auburn state prison during the week beginning Oct. 28, 1901. Before sentence was passed the assassin evinced a desire to speak, but he could not get his voice above a whisper and his words were repeated to the court by his counsel.

"There was no one else but me," the prisoner said in a whisper. "No one else told me to do it, and no one paid me to do it. I was not told anything about the crime and I never thought anything about that until a couple of days before I committed the crime."

Czolgosz sat down. He was quite calm, but it was evident that his mind was flooded with thoughts of his own distress. His eyes were dilated, making them appear very bright. His cheeks were a trifle pale and his neck stretched head erect. The guards put the handcuffs on his wrists. He looked at one of the officers. There was an expression of ... fear and helplessness in his eyes. He glanced about at the field of heads which crowded together in effort to get a look at him. By his eyes was ... The prisoner's eyelids ... and ... tremulously and then he fixed his gaze upon the floor in front of him.

In passing sentence Justice White said:

"In taking the life of our beloved president, you committed a crime which shocked and outraged the moral sense of the civilized world. You have confessed that guilt, and after learning all that at this time can be learned from the facts and circumstances of the case, 12 good jurors have pronounced you guilty, and have found you guilty of murder in the first degree.

"You have said, according to the testimony of creditable witnesses and yourself, that no other person aided or abetted you in the commission of this terrible act. God grant it may be so. The penalty of the crime for which you stand convicted is fixed by this statute and it now becomes my duty to pronounce this judgment against you.

"The sentence of the court is that in the week beginning Oct. 28, 1901, at that place, in the manner and means prescribed by law, you suffer the punishment of death. Remove the prisoner."

The crowd slowly filed out of the room and court adjourned at 2:26.

Though elation and satisfaction were written on every face in court, there was no applause and no demonstration of any kind on the part of the spectators.

Czolgosz was taken from Buffalo to Auburn last night. Sheriff Caldwell and 16 men took the prisoner in a special car, which reached Auburn shortly after 2 this morning.

Buffalo, Sept. 25.—Leon F. Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was yesterday found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury in the supreme court, in having shot President McKinley, the injuries inflicted by such gunshot wounds afterwards resulting in the death of the president.

The wheels of justice moved swiftly. The trial of the assassin consumed 8 hours and 26 minutes, and covered a period of only two days. Practically all of this time was occupied by the prosecution in presenting a case so clear, so conclusive, that even had the prisoner entered a plea of insanity, it is doubtful if the jury would have returned a verdict different from the one rendered.

The announcement made by the attorneys for the assassin that the eminent alienists summoned by the Erie County Bar association and by the district attorney to examine Czolgosz and to determine his exact mental condition had declared him to be perfectly sane destroyed the only form of a defense that ex-Judges Lewis and Titus could have put together.

Rescued From Sinking Vessel

Boston, Sept. 25.—The British brig May, belonging in Lunenburg, N. S., was abandoned at sea, and the crew taken off by the barkentine Kremlin, which arrived here yesterday. The Kremlin was from Buenos Ayres, and fell in with the dismasted, leaking brig on Sept. 13. The brig had four feet of water in her hold, and was slowly sinking. A hurricane had battered the brig in frightful shape, finally laying her on her beam ends.

Victim of Poker Games

Boston, Sept. 25.—Alleging that her husband lost \$2600 playing poker, The Post says Mrs. Josephine McKinnon of Somerville has sued a sporting club in this city, at the rooms of which she believes the games were played, to recover sums thus lost. She does not allege that the money was unfairly lost at cards, except in so far as it was illegal to gamble.

Middleboro's Windfall

Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 25.—Half a million dollars is given to the town of Middleboro by the will of Thomas S. Pierce of that town, which was filed here yesterday. This is a residuary legacy after private bequests and \$10,-000 to the Middleboro Baptist church and \$100,000 for a public library in Middleboro have been taken out.

Court Decides Chanler Sane

Norfolk, Sept. 24.—John Armstrong Chanler has been declared sane by Circuit Court Judge Mason of Louisa county, and he has directed all funds to be turned over to Chanler in his own right. Chanler is worth more than \$1,000,000. He is living within a few miles of his divorced wife's house.

Placed on Probation

Boston, Sept. 27.—George H. Hosken and John W. O'Neil, two young men, accused jointly of manslaughter in having caused the death of an aged ... peddler, early on the morning of July 1, in the West End, were placed on probation by Judge ... in the superior criminal court yesterday afternoon.

HANNA DECLARES HIMSELF

Roosevelt's Adoption of McKinley Policy Will Receive His Support

Cleveland, Sept. 23.—Senator Hanna declares that he had been misunderstood when he refused to discuss the policy of President Roosevelt a few days since, and that while he then did not feel disposed to express an opinion on the subject, he did not mean to imply that he would never again talk for publication.

"If President Roosevelt carries out his promises," said Mr. Hanna, "to continue the policy adopted by President McKinley, he will have my warm support, as well as that of every other loyal Republican. If McKinley's policy is followed, I sincerely believe that the present prosperity of the country will continue indefinitely."

When asked if he thought congress would take any action looking toward the suppression of anarchy, Mr. Hanna said he thought something would be done at the coming session, although personally he had not formulated any definite line of action. Mr. Hanna said he expected to make a number of speeches during the coming state campaign.

Claims Prove Too Cumbersome

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 24.—The Bridgeport Trust company, administrators of the estate of the late George F. Gilman, yesterday filed an application in the probate court, seeking to have the estate declared insolvent. The action is taken in view of the vast accumulation of claims against the estate of the deceased tea merchant, of which one filed by George Smith for \$265,000, and another by Katherine Kupfer for \$65,-000, are samples. The action does not effect the suit brought by Mrs. Helen P. Hall for possession of the entire estate.

Cresceus Beats The Abbot

Readville, Mass., Sept. 23.—Cresceus obtained a firmer grasp on his crown as king of trotters by defeating his only rival, The Abbot, on the Readville track in three out of five heats. The two fastest trotters in the world raced for a \$20,000 purse, offered by Thomas W. Lawson, and the money which the 12,-000 people paid to see the race all went to a Boston charity. The track was very heavy from the recent rains, so no records were broken or even approached.

Student Has Disappeared

Amherst, Mass., Sept. 24.—Francis M. Rose of Faribault, Minn., came to Amherst a few days before the opening of the term, having completed the preliminary arrangements for entrance into Amherst college as a freshman. He established himself at the Amherst House, and on Monday, Sept. 16, went in search of rooms. The next day he paid his bill at the hotel and suddenly disappeared, leaving his trunk with no arrangements completed for its disposal.

Dixon's Palmy Days Over

St. Louis, Sept. 27.—Benny Yanger gained the decision here last night over George Dixon, former featherweight champion of the world, after 15 rounds of fast fighting. Dixon's blows lacked force, and it was only his ring generalship that saved him from a knockout.

Bishop Whipple's Will

Faribault, Minn., Sept. 27.—The will of the late Bishop H. B. Whipple has been filed for probate. His estate amounts to \$60,000. One-third of this is bequeathed to his widow, and the remainder divided between his four children, a cousin, a niece and a grandson.

Yerkes Buys Another Road

London, Sept. 27.—Charles T. Yerkes has contracted for 999 years with the Great Northern railway to take over its suburban business and franchise for the projected underground road. This will give Mr. Yerkes control of 16 miles of road.

Cortelyou's Sad Task

Washington, Sept. 27.—George B. Cortelyou, secretary to the president, left here last night for Canton. He will settle the estate and adjust some personal affairs of the late president.

Turks and Albanians Fight

Belgrade, Sept. 27.—It is reported that Turkish and Albanian troops have come into collision at Belopolje, Old Servia, with the result that 54 were killed and wounded.

The meat handlers employed by Chicago beef packing firms in loading foreign steamers at Boston have struck and have submitted a list of rules and schedule of wages which they demand shall be put into effect by their employers.



Nature's Danger Signals.

Do your eyes blur at times? Do they hurt after reading? Are there frequent headaches? Are the muscles around the eyes drawing wrinkles and crow's feet?

They are Nature's Danger Signals.

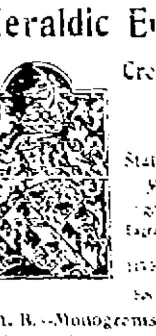
Only when sight is gone is the terrible danger realized. It costs so little to help the eyes, if done in time. We can give the early help and our advice is free. If you don't need glasses we tell you so.

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Capital,	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus,	1,000,000.00
Deposits (August 1, 1901),	18,628,056.27
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IS THE GREATER PORTION OF ITS VALUE.

It is this quality of character which has helped to make our clothes famous, besides the fact that they contain every essential quality of the made-to-order sort at about one-half the price.

Apply the test of your personal investigation today.

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Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,

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Tuesday & Wednesday, October 1st and 2d,

We will show a complete collection of NEWEST DESIGNS in

Trimmed Hats, Turbans & Toques.

OUTING HAT IN FELT BEAVER AND VELVET.

A Great Variety

MILLINERY NOVELTIES.

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NO CARDS SENT OUT.

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Black Grain Boots!

GRAIN LACE SHOES.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.



"The Perfecter"

Poetry.

A Nation Grieves.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Brave flag, whose folds droop low above our
  silent dead,
What need was there that thus thy silk
  should be unfurled
O'er him whose life was pure, whose noble
  life was true,
Whose gallant deeds stand forth like stars in
  Heaven's blue?

Brave on the battlefield he faced his coun-
  try's foes,
He met his foeman's steel and heard the
  clash of arms,
The angry cannons flashed; deep flowed the
  crimson tide,
The shafts of Death flew wild! Not there our
  hero died!

He rests in state; he sleeps today beneath
  the pall;
He was our Chieftain—first in rank, our
  nation's pride!
No dashing charge was made, no troops
  were on the plain,
Our noble martyred son in peaceful hall was
  slain.

The foul assassin did his work, his aim was
  sure;
By cruel hand the fatal shaft was hurled.
We miss his friendly hand, we miss his kind-
  ly smile;
Lay our banners on his breast, he was free
  from guile.

We mourn, we weep, our tears like bitter
  waters flow,
Sadly we walk beneath the mournful flags
  that wave,
All loyal hearts are sad, softly the mourners
  tread,
They bear him to his tomb, our own heroic
  dead.

Benjamin Webber.

Beverly, Sept. 18th, 1901.

Anecdotes of McKinley.

ENLISTED EARLY.

Poland was never subject to draft during the stormy days of the Civil War, for the village always furnished its quota of volunteers. Young McKinley was among the number, and he went to the front as a private in Company E, Twenty-third Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of which Rutherford B. Hayes, later President of the United States, was a major. William Henry Smith, in his life of President Hayes, speaks as follows of "the remarkable career of one of the very youngest members of the regiment who enlisted as a private before he had attained his eighteenth year:

"William McKinley, Jr., won promotion on his merit as a soldier, and not by family or political influence, first to commissary sergeant, then to second lieutenant for gallantry in action at the battle of Antietam on the recommendation of his colonel, and so on, step by step, until, at the close of the war, he was promoted to major by brevet. Soon after his appointment as second lieutenant he was detailed on the staff of Colonel Hayes, in 1862, and his subsequent service was as a staff officer with Generals Hayes, Crook, Sheridan and Hancock.

"His success on merit during the War of the Rebellion has had its counterpart in civil life in the public service. When some one remarked in the presence of General Hayes that Major McKinley possessed many brilliant qualities as a public man; that he was skillful in debate and tactful as a leader, but was lacking in business ability, he received this reply: 'A man who, before he had attained the age of 21, kept up the supplies for the army of General Crook in active service in the field, is not lacking in business ability. He has capacity equal to any enterprise, for any position in life, even the highest.'"

The first Ohio regiment to enlist in the three years' service in 1861 was the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Twenty-two regiments had preceded it, but they were enlisted only for three months, though a majority of those who saw their three months' service in these twenty-two early regiments afterward re-enlisted for the longer period. The Twenty-third was enrolled for three months' service, but when it presented itself for State inspection at Camp Chase, in Columbus, the three months' quota for Ohio was more than filled. However, at that time the call for three years' men was issued, and the Twenty-third obtained the first chance to be mustered in under that call. Nearly all who had signed for three months attached their names to the rolls for the three years' campaign, while the few who could not for various reasons returned to their homes.

The official records indicate that McKinley's military life and advancement were most creditable. They show that William McKinley, Jr., enlisted as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry June 11, 1861; that he was promoted to commissary sergeant April 15, 1862; that he was promoted to second lieutenant of Company D September 23, 1862; that he was promoted to first lieutenant of Company E February 7, 1863; that he was promoted to captain of Company G July 25, 1864; that he was detailed as acting assistant adjutant general of the first division, first army corps, on the staff of General Carroll; that he was breveted major March 13, 1865, and that he was mustered out of service July 26, 1865.

WHEN MADE A MASON.

McKinley was a Knight Templar, a Knight of Pythias, and was also a Greek fraternity man. His entrance into Masonry was an incident of the war and rather unique. McKinley was going through a hospital with one of the regimental surgeons. He noticed that the surgeon and some of the Confederate wounded were very friendly to each other, and in some instances the surgeon gave money to the prisoners. There was an unmistakable bond of sympathy between them. Young McKinley asked the surgeon if he knew these prisoners. The surgeon told him they were brother Masons. Young McKinley was so much impressed by the friendly feeling existing between Confederate and Union Masons that he expressed the desire to join the order. He was made a Mason in Hiram Lodge, Winchester, Va., May 1, 1865, receiving his degree at the hands of a Confederate master of the lodge. After he established himself in Canton he took some higher degrees, but he had not a little difficulty in getting the record of his initiation from the Winchester Lodge. That record is as follows:

William McKinley, Poland, Ohio: entered May 1, passed May 2, raised May 3.

The only living witnesses of the initiation of McKinley into the mysteries of Masonry are Worshipful Master J. B. T. Reed and George E. Jenkins, S. D.

Sheridan in his memoirs alludes to the fact that he met McKinley on the day of his famous ride from Winchester. Sheridan says: "At Newton I was obliged to make a circuit to the left to get round the village. I could not pass through it, the streets were so [illegible] but meeting on this detour McKinley of Crook's staff he spread the news of my return through the motley throng there."

McKinley had just returned from planting the battery of Colonel H. A. Dupont (the present United States Senator-elect from Delaware) of the Fifth United States Artillery—part of General Crook's Corps. McKinley had planted the battery by direction of General Crook.

McKinley, after his military career, returned to Ohio and entered civil life at the age of 22. It was claimed by some that his four years of service had given him a taste for army life, and that but for his father's opposition he might have entered the regular army, as General Carroll desired him to do. On the other hand, those who knew him best in the army declare that he was always a candidate for literary and economic study. It is even said that when the army was in winter quarters debating societies were organized and that McKinley took part in these debates. However this may be, on his return to Poland, McKinley decided to choose civil life and began the study of law with Judge Charles E. Glidden, Mahoning County, and, as has been said, took a course at the Albany (N. Y.) Law School and in 1867 was admitted to the bar. Financially he was in no better condition to take up his studies on his return from the army than he was before he enlisted. That money was made by men who had filled the position of quartermaster to their regiment, which position McKinley held, is undoubtedly true, but the early teachings of rectitude had inculcated principles of honor and honesty that were never shaken by any temptation, though it must have come to him at an age when character is in its formative condition.

Pen Picture of the New "First Lady of the Land."

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is now the first lady of the land.

She is a young woman who will adorn the position. That her husband has reached the goal of the biggest ambition which a citizen of these United States can entertain is in no small measure due to her help and counsel.

Mrs. Roosevelt is the second wife of the president. She was Miss Edith Carow, whom he had known from childhood. Their married life has been ideal. Five children have been born to them.

The first lady of the land is of medium height and graceful figure. She has a fair complexion, dark eyes and hair and a charm of manner that attracts all who meet her. She dresses very simply, but always in the latest fashion. She wears little jewelry, but what she does wear is of the best.

As a social leader of the country, Mrs. Roosevelt is fully equipped. She has been in society all her life. Few women of the present day are more cultivated or accomplished. Even her husband, who is an omnivorous reader, has not intelligently digested more literature than she has.

In her home Mrs. Roosevelt is the personification of the good American wife and mother. She has taken care of her own babies and they love her with a devotion that is touching.

She is the superintendent of her own household; she does the purchasing and pays the bills. She is a business woman when it is necessary to be a business woman.

The furnishings of her home at Oyster Bay reflect the character of Mrs. Roosevelt. She goes in for comfort rather than show, but her house is perfectly appointed. In no particular does it violate good taste.

Mrs. Roosevelt has not been prominent in the society of New York, although she has the right of birth and breeding to enter it.

She is better known in Washington, where she was popular to a degree during her husband's official life in the capital. Although fond of social pleasures, her chief joy lies in her home and in the care of her children.

She has always shared and encouraged the political ambition of her husband.

Woman's clubs have never counted Mrs. Roosevelt among their members, although she is a student of the question of the relation of woman to government.

The office of President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution was offered to her just after the election of Mr. Roosevelt to the vice-presidency. She declined it.

Women who read and think and have solid minds love Mrs. Roosevelt. She has many friends such as these. The butterfly, the professionally fashionable women she does not fancy.

The people of the United States will love Mrs. Roosevelt as they admire the rugged courage and indomitable persistency of her husband, the president.

Called to Preach.

It is to be feared that some other men's "call" to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in the Outlook.

The old negro was working in the cotton field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped, and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed:

"O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de san am so hot dat I believe dis darky am called to preach!"

Philosophy's Ray.

Little Willie,. What's philosophy, pa?

Pa. Philosophy, my son, is something that enables a millionaire to realize that it is no disgrace to be poor.—Chicago News.

A recent estimate places the number of American bison remaining alive in the world as 1,024 of which 684 are captive. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely wooded region between the Saskatchewan and Peace rivers, in British Columbia, are several hundred buffalo; there are 20 or so, perhaps, in the desert Pan-handle region of northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone National Park there are 50 or 60 more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else. These few remaining bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone Park are potted by poachers whenever a chance offers. A mounted head of one of these animals is today worth from $150 to $200, and a skin brings a good price.

Excluding 62,000 small craft the commerce of the world is carried on by 45,000 vessels, with carrying power of 48,000,000 tons.

JACK BROWN'S JOKE.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hiram agree that "Jack" Brown has queer ideas of what constitutes a joke. Mr. Hiram goes even further and puts his opinion of Mr. Brown in a profanely emphatic epigram. Mrs. Hiram has never spoken to "Jack" since the thing happened, though she has known him all her life. Most people who have heard the story admit that while the situation was certainly amusing, the humorous Mr. Brown did carry the matter a little too far.

Mr. James Hiram and Miss Mabel Littlefield were married the other day in a central Illinois town where both of them were born and have always lived. Among the guests at their wedding was Mr. John Brown, better known as "Jack," a youth with a deserved reputation as the village "cut up." For a good many years all the girls had called him "a regular tease." If the proper pressure had been brought to bear "Jack" would probably have admitted, with a secret glow of pride, that he is "a devil of a fellow." "Jack" had a fair income, and consequently small incentive to work. He spent most of his time and ingenuity in getting up practical jokes on his friends.

When the wedding of his old friends, James Hiram and Mabel Littlefield, drew near "Jack" realized at once that was the opportunity of his life. There were people who declared that "Jack" had once been desperately in love with Mabel himself. At any rate he determined to make her wedding memorable.

The ordinary tricks of throwing rice and old shoes and of tying mocking mottoes on the luggage of the bridal couple were all well enough in their way, but "Jack" felt that something more was due in this case if he was to live up to his reputation as an original genius. He started out by having a painter cover the bridal trunks with a coat of white paint on which background was inscribed the touching sentiment: "We are not as silly as we look." When the newly married couple left their carriage at the railroad station in their home town a full brass band, secretly subsidized by "Jack," marched out of the baggage room, where they had been concealed, and started to play. "Tum tum, de dum de dum, tum tum de dum, tum tum dedum de dum," blared the band, and the assembled crowd of friends, drummers waiting for trains, and station loafers laughed uproarously as the bride blushed and the bridegroom grew red and purple in the face.

In fear of what "Jack" and his allies had yet in store for them, the bridal couple got on the train. To their horror "Jack" took a seat close by and announced his intention of going to Chicago with them. On the way up he took occasion to ask embarrassing questions of the bride in a tone so loud that the whole carload of people was shortly fully informed as to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hiram had just been married, and that they were going to the Buffalo exposition on their bridal trip. But "Jack" did not spring his masterpiece until after the train had reached the station in Chicago.

As soon as the Union station was announced "Jack" left the car and hurried forward to the front of the train. Almost before the wheels had stopped turning he had jumped down to the platform and was pushing through the crowd with an evident purpose in his eye.

At each of the great railroad stations one of the societies organized for the protection of friendless women and children has a woman agent stationed. She wears a badge announcing her authority, and it is her work especially to look out and care for young women who come to the city under circumstances which might get them into trouble. "Jack" Brown, the demon, dashed straight for this agent, whom he saw standing quietly in the background scanning closely the faces of the passengers as they left the train.

"Madam," he said, "are you the agent of the Woman's Protective association?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am a traveling man. My name is Hawkins. I just got off the Alton train from the south. There is a young girl on that train who is being taken away from home by a man. She may have gone willingly, but I doubt it. At any rate she does not realize what she is doing. She is the daughter of Judge Littlefield, of ——, one of the best families in the state. I happen to know her by sight, because —— is on my route. I make the town every two weeks, and I've known Mabel Littlefield for years. Coming up on the train I sat in the seat behind the couple, and I heard enough to make me certain that she is being practically abducted. Will you look after it, or shall I call an officer?"

"There they are," he said. "The girl with the blue cornflowers in her hat."

The agent of the Woman's Protective league stepped forward and laid one hand on the arm of the little bride.

"Is this Miss Mabel Littlefield?" she asked.

"Yes," said the bride, taken off her guard and overcome by the force of habit. "That is—" she stammered and halted, and looked appealingly at her husband.

"My dear girl," went on the agent, "do you realize what you are doing?"

"What are you talking about?" finally broke out Mr. James Hiram. "Are you crazy? What do you mean by—"

"I mean that this thing has gone quite far enough. I think, my dear," said the agent, addressing the bride, who had by this time begun to sob. "I think you had better go with me. As for you, sir—"

Then even the mild-mannered James Hiram got angry.

"You go about your business," he said. "You may think this is a good joke, but it is far from it. You come with me," he said, grasping his wife by the arm, "and you get out of our way," pointing to the agent. "What right have you got to interfere with my—"

"It will do you no good to bluster, sir," said the agent, calmly. "I will call an officer to look after you."

She beckoned to one of the policemen located at the station, who came at once to her assistance, followed by a crowd of several hundred people, who quickly gathered about the bewildered bridal couple.

"What's the matter here?" asked the policeman, with professional gruffness.

"This man here is trying to abduct this girl," said the agent, "and he threatened me when I tried to prevent him. I was told about the case by a traveling man who knows the girl well. I want her to come with me until I can communicate with her parents. You can—"

"Great heavens!" broke in James Hiram, while his weeping bride clung about his neck, "haven't I got a right to take my wife away with me? What I want to know is what right this woman has to interfere in our business."

"Your wife!" broke in the astonished agent. "Then I've been hoaxed."

It took but a minute longer to straighten out the tangle, but Mr. and Mrs. James Hiram declare that they will never forgive the witty Mr. Brown for his part in the transaction.—Chicago Tribune.

Insanity in French Army.

A French specialist in mental diseases has discovered that 166 out of every 100,000 soldiers and sailors become hopeless lunatics. Among mechanics the average is but 66 per 100,000.

A Girl's Shoes.

Shoes that exactly fit a girl are a curiosity.—Chicago Daily News.

MEN WERE FIRST ON EARTH.

German Scientist Says Human Beings Had an Existence Before Their Alleged Progenitors.

Sensitive persons who object to being confronted with their poor relations may find comfort in the theory advanced by Prof. Klaatsch, of Heidelberg university, and summarized by our Berlin correspondent, says the London Standard. We are no longer bound to believe that man is descended from apes. The mystery of evolution has been cleared up, the search for the missing link is rendered futile by the learned doctor's discovery of the proper significance of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh. The short strand, as one part of this is called, is attached to the fibula, and is fitted with a special nerve. After years of investigation Herr Klaatsch has convinced himself that this "short strand" is a rudimentary form of a muscle common to a considerable number of mammals, such as marsupials, carnivores and many rodents. In fact, it is very frequently present, but only anthropoid apes and prehensile-tailed American monkeys possess it in the same modified condition as man. Some climbing creatures indeed have entirely lost it, such as the lemurs of the old world. That indicates that the muscle cannot be serviceable for life on trees, its modification being the result of disuse when the progressive creature began to walk upright. Thus it is an inheritance, common indeed to man and apes, but derived from some remote mammalian ancestor. So far from proving the ape to be the father of the man, it suggests the contrary view. Both can claim a common ancestry in some long extinct mammalian form, but that is all. Though the savants may be right in inferring, from the fragmental remains of the Javan pithecanthropus, that it was either the most manlike of apes or the most apelike of men, the creature does not supply the missing link in a pedigree beginning in a simian and ending in homo sapiens.

The professor also tells us that the existing apes are for the most part degenerate forms. Are we, then, to reverse the line of pedigree and declare that an old-time self-indulgent race of men have degenerated into apes, as little Tom was taught, according to the "Water Babies?" But to check any human conceit which he may seem to have encouraged, Her Klaatsch informs us that it is quite wrong to consider man, as a mammal, the most perfectly developed in every way. That is not true of his teeth and limbs; only in the matter of brain is he facile princeps. Well, it is a relief to get this admitted, and as for the other organs, we concede much to animals which have to get their living by cracking nuts or gnawing bones; we do not profess to leap like tigers, run like deer or climb like gibbons. In all these we grant the advantage to the savage and are aware that an edentalous or nearly toothless being is to be the ultimate result of civilization. But, we suggest, is not the professor building up a very large superstructure on a rather small base? His argument, though it comes to a different conclusion, reminds us of the famous controversy in which Huxley and Owen once figured as to whether the ape did or did not possess a small structure called a hippocampus in its brain, for on that depended whether or not the ape was the "long-lost brother" of man. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the professor has proved more than the most thorough-going evolutionist is ready to grant. The latter does not assert, so far as we know, that man is descended from a gorilla, or a chimpanzee, or an orang-outang. He holds, rather, that, as sometimes happens in the social scale, one branch of a family has greatly risen, while all the others have remained children of Gibeon. Charles Darwin stated this quite clearly in "The Descent of Man," and it is still generally accepted. As an evolutionist he admitted a kinship between all mammals, since their pedigrees had a common origin. Sometimes the parting had been very remote, sometimes more recent. The platyrhine and catarhine monkeys are cousin-german. In fact, to an evolutionist it would seem strange for ancestors to be flourishing side by side with their offspring, for nature works very slowly and will not be hurried over the origin of a species.

Nice Alternatives.

Notwithstanding its traditional antipathy to any kind of compulsory military service, the British nation will before long realize that one of two things is indispensably necessary—either to embrace conscription, or give up England's position as a great power. Before ten more years have elapsed Britons will be paying their toll to their country, not merely in income-tax assessments, but in the shape of a couple of years of their life spent in military barracks as conscripts.—Stockholm Svenska Dagbad.

Girls and Boys in the Orient.

While the birth of a girl is not mourned over in France, as in certain oriental countries, still it certainly does not call forth the triumphant joy caused by the advent of a boy. The tiny outfit has been tied up with blue ribbons in expectation of the hoped-for boy; should a girl be born these are changed for pink.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Nasal CATARRH.

CATARRH



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In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

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A prominent Montreal clergyman, the Rev. James H. Dixon, Rector St. Judes and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, writes:—"Permit me to send you a few lines to strongly recommend Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. I have used it with satisfaction for thirty-five years. It is a preparation which deserves full public confidence."

Pain-Killer A sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Cramps, &c.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c.

There is only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.'

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. Army & Navy Tablet Co.,

17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

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ON FERRY WHARF.

Should be pleased to notify the public that I shall carry on the business in connection with my present stand on Commercial wharf.

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AN EXCELLENT LITTLE

UPRIGHT PIANO

In good repair for $70, $10 down and $5.00 per month. A discount will be made for cash. Don't fail to call and examine.

JOHN VARS.

128 Thames Street.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 22, 1901.

Steamers PRISCILLA and PURITAN week days; steamer PILGRIM Sundays. A fine orchestra on each.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days 9.15 p. m.; Sundays, 10 p. m. Returning, from New York steamers leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren street, week days and Sundays, at 5.30 p. m., touch at Newport, due there 2.45 a. m.; leave there, 3.45 a. m., before proceeding to Fall River.

Fare—New York to Newport direct, or via steamer to Fall River, thence rail, $3.00.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. N. KING, Agent, Newport, R. I.

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Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

ON AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 16 LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days, 8 A. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. and 5 P. M. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 4 P. M. Sundays, 10.30 A. M. and 5 P. M.

Excursion Tickets, 90c. (Sundays only 60c.)

Stop at Prudence and Conanicut week days only, each way.

H. BUFFUM, Supt. Transportation.

ARTHUR H. WATSON, President.

Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 15, 1901.

Leave

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Newport	7 00	10 00	1 15	4 15	*7 50	*11 00
Providence ar	8 10	11 50	2 15	5 20	9 10	—
Boston, ar	10 18	1 18	4 30	7 00	11 00	—
New York	1 55	4 30	6 55	11 00	[illegible]	6 58
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

Leave

	NIGHT	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
New Y'k	*12 02	—	5 00	10 02	1 02	1 32	5 00
Boston	12 03	6 32	10 00	1 00	3 00	—	7 00
Prov.	1 25	8 02	11 14	2 10	4 15	—	8 22
Newp't, ar	6 55	9 45	1 00	4 00	6 40	6 55	10 55
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

*Daily

‡Saturdays only to August 31st.

‖Washington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, 1.45 a. m.; Philadelphia, 5.40 a. m.; Baltimore, 8.29 a. m.; Washington, 10.52 a. m.

**Through train between Wickford Junction, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington without change.

For Tickets and Drawing Room chairs apply at Steamer General, Commercial wharf, or at the Transfer Co.'s office, 30 Bellevue avenue.

C. D. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after SEPTEMBER 22, 1901, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 6.03, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, [illegible] p. m. Return 6.42, 8.48, 10.15 a. m., 12.48, 2.28, 3.48, 4.48, [illegible] p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.03, 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, [illegible] p. m. PORTSMOUTH GROVE (flag stop), 6.03, 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, [illegible] p. m. BRISTOL FERRY, TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.03, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, [illegible] p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 6.03, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00 p. m. HYANNIS, 6.03, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 8.20 a. m., 1.00 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 6.03, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6.03, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m. and 3 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11.00 a. m. PROVIDENCE, 6.03, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, [illegible] p. m.

SUNDAYS, for Boston, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 8.27, 8.27 a. m., 12.27, 4.28 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For PORTSMOUTH GROVE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, [illegible] p. m. New Bedford, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 5 p. m.

a Stop from Fall River

c Wharf Station.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt, Boston.

C. PETER CLARK Gen'l Sup't. Boston.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

TIME TABLE.

"ISLAND DIVISION."

In effect week days on and after June 24, 1901.

Leave Fall River for Newport—**5.50, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, *10.15, *10.45, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Newport—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, *10.15, *10.45, *11.15 p. m.

Last Car leaves Island Park for Fall River at 10.57 p. m.

Last Car leaves Island Park for Newport at 10.23 p. m.

**To Portsmouth and return.

*To Portsmouth Car Barn.

Running time between City Hall, Fall River, and Market Square, Providence, via the new highway trolley line is one hour and twenty minutes. Connection is made at City Hall, Fall River.

Reduction in price of

COKE.

DELIVERED:

Prepared, 36 bushels for $3.50

Common, 36 bushels for $3.00

AT WORKS:

Prepared, $8.00 per 100 bushels

Common, $6.00 per 100 bushels

ORDERS LEFT AT

181 Thames Street,

receive prompt attention.

NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

FARM

BUILDINGS

INSURED AGAINST FIRE

At Lowest Rate--Strong Companies.

WHIPPLE & SON,

Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

21 Bellevue Avenue.

In Spite of Foes,

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING.

KING & END, by Alice Brown, author of Tiverton Tales.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS, by Arthur Stanwood Pier, being Vol. 7 of Harper's series of American Novels by American Authors.

A CABINET SECRET, by Guy Boothby.

A TRAITOR IN LONDON, by Fergus Hume.

THEODORE PARKER, PREACHER AND REFORMER, by John White Chadwick.

Carr's Book Shop,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

TELEPHONE 664.

McKinley as a Soldier.

While President McKinley's political career had been scanned, and every word that he may have uttered in Congress or on the stump has been commented upon, the glorious record of his four long years of faithful service in the field has barely been touched upon. Yet he was one of the bravest of soldiers in one of the most famous regiments of the great war.

The regiment in which the young soldier served, the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry, was one of the bravest and best, and bore upon its rolls the names of many men who afterwards became illustrious in the country's history. The first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, afterward Major-General and Commander of the armies of the Tennessee and Department of the Cumberland.

The lieutenant-colonel was that splendid soldier, Stanley Matthews, who, after the war, became a senator of the United States and then eminent as a justice of the supreme court.

The major was Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards brigadier-general, and then governor of Ohio and nineteenth president of the United States.

When the war began McKinley, then a boy of 18, was teaching a country school. The first gun that sounded the commencement of the titanic struggle awoke in the breast of the young school master all the fervor and patriotism that the times called forth, and he was one of the very first to respond to the call of duty, enlisting as a private soldier in Company E, June 11, 1861.

For fourteen months he carried the musket, attaining the rank of sergeant April 15, 1862. Years afterwards, in recalling this period, "Private William McKinley," then governor of Ohio, remarked to some friends: "I always look back with pleasure upon those fourteen months in which I served in the ranks. They taught me a great deal. I was but a school boy when I went into the army, and that first year was a formative period of my life, during which I learned much of men and affairs. I have always been glad that I entered the service as a private and served those months in that capacity."

September 24, 1862, the sergeant was commissioned second lieutenant of Company D. Five months afterwards he became first lieutenant of Company E, and on July 25, 1864, he had risen to be captain of Company G. Every promotion was well earned. However, no sooner had he been commissioned than his value as an officer was recognized, and three months after receiving his first commission he was detailed as aide-de-camp on the staff of General Rutherford B. Hayes. From that time until the close of the war he served continually as a staff officer, being at different times on the staffs of Generals S. S. Carroll, George Crook, afterwards the famous Indian fighter, and Winfield S. Hancock, the superb—all of these men famous for their fighting qualities.

He was breveted major, on the recommendation of General Philip H. Sheridan, for distinguished and gallant conduct at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill.

With his regiment, or while on staff duty, he fought in West Virginia, in the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, and in the Shenandoah Valley under Sheridan. He was in all the early fights in West Virginia, at South Mountain and Antietam, receiving his shoulder straps one week after that last-named bloody battle, and exchanging his musket for the sword. His first battle was at Carnifex Ferry, West Virginia, September 10, 1861. Here the Ohio schoolboy, his face aglow with patriotism and hope, his heart overflowing with love of country, stood elbow to elbow with his schoolmates of yesterday, his comrades of today, offering his young life, as hundreds of thousands of other youths were doing, in defence of right, and that the republic might not perish. Thus, for four long years he fought, in every battle and skirmish, until the very end, doing his whole duty, gathering honors, and adding to his fame as a soldier, fearless and without reproach, fighting at Townsend's Ferry, November 6; at Laurel Hill, November 12; Camp Creek, May 1, 1862; New River, May 6; Puck's Ferry, New River, August 6; in support of Pope's army, August 15; battle of South Mountain, September 14; Antietam, September 16 and 17; Cloyd's Mountain, May 10; Otter Creek, June 16; Lynchburg, June 17; Liberty, June 19; Buford Gap, June 20; Salem, June 21; Sweet Sulphur Springs, June 25; in the campaign against Early, July 14 to November 28; skirmish at Cabletown, July 19; fight at Snicker's Ferry, July 21; Winchester and Kernstown, July 23 and 24; Martinsburg, July 26; Berryville, August 10; Halltown, August 22; Berryville, September 3, where his horse was shot under him; battle of Winchester, September 19; Fisher's Hill, September 22; skirmish at New Market, October 7; Cedar Creek, October 13; battle of Cedar Creek, October 19—in all, more than thirty battles and skirmishes—in the very front, from the beginning to the end; from the first shot until the very last—mustered out July 26, 1865, after more than four years of continuous service, never missing a day's duty or a fight. He was but 22 years of age even then, yet a veteran of two score and ten engagements, distinguished among the bravest of the brave in the greatest war the world has ever seen—as a private soldier, knowing how to follow and obey; as an officer, how to lead and command.

Honored and breveted by the fiery Sheridan, when, after his ride from Winchester town he came on the field and found Captain McKinley in the storm of the battle calmly rallying the disordered troops and facing them to the front.

General George Crook says: "I have the honor to earnestly recommend Captain William McKinley, 23d Ohio Infantry, for appointment to a higher grade than his present rank for bravery, gallantry, soldierly conduct and distinguished services during the campaign of West Virginia and Shenandoah Valley."

General Philip H. Sheridan, "The whirlwind with spurs," as Hancock so aptly named him, forwarded the recommendation of General Crook with the following endorsement:

"Headquarters Middle Military Division, February 1, 1865.—Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant General of the army approved. The appointment recommended is well deserved."

The recommendations of Crook and Sheridan were endorsed and approved by Lieutenant General Grant, and the Private McKinley of 1861 came home with the leaves of a major on his shoulder straps.

"You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"

"The dog."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

What Protection Saves.

If there are in New England any misguided persons—there never were very many—who believe that a Protective Tariff "robs" the American people, they will do well to study certain facts and figures presented by "Gunton's Magazine" for July on American experience with the new Protective duty on tin plate.

Here is an example of a new industry established in recent years by the sheer force of Protection. It has repeated for the instruction of this generation the illuminating experience which the steel rail industry gave to the generation just before. In 1867 we were paying English manufacturers $25 a ton more than their steel rails were really worth, "as a mere monopoly tax for not having Protected the industry in this country." Then we put on a Protective duty and domestic competition instantly began to reduce the English price. Now steel rails are from time to time exported to foreign markets which England once monopolized, for, as "Gunton's Magazine" states it, "We have reduced the price to American consumers through superior methods and skill more than twice as fast under Protection as England has under Free-Trade, although our wages have been all the time from 50 to 80 per cent. higher.

Up to the enactment of the McKinley Tariff in 1890 the United States, consuming more tin plate than any other country, procured its whole supply abroad, chiefly from the great tin plate trust of South Wales and Monmouthshire. There was a small duty on tin plate, but it was not really Protective. It was not sufficient to cover the duty between American and foreign wages and to encourage the building of tin plate mills in the United States. The foreign trust absolutely controlled our market. It took advantage of this monopoly to charge American consumers a vastly greater price than it charged British and other foreign consumers—a difference far greater than could be accounted for by our small Tariff duty or the cost of transportation. "Gunton's Magazine" gives this vivid statement of the difference between the price of 109-pound boxes of tin plate, which the Welsh trust sold to Americans, and the price which it asked abroad:

	American.	Foreign.	Difference.
1880	$5.00	$1.86	$3.14
1881	6.40	4.10	2.30
1882	6.20	4.10	2.10
1883	6.00	4.00	2.00
1884	5.55	3.80	1.75
1885	5.35	3.56	1.79
1886	5.25	3.35	1.90
1887	5.50	3.24	2.26
1888	5.45	3.24	2.21
1889	5.45	3.24	2.21
Average			2,165

That is, between 1880 and 1889 a 109-pound box of tin plate cost an American purchaser on the average $2.16½ more than it cost a foreign purchaser. Most of this represented the tribute which the helpless American people were compelled to pay to the Welsh monopoly. But in 1890 the McKinley Tariff was enacted, increasing and making really Protective the duty on foreign tin plate. Immediately tin plate mills were established in this country, and the price of tin plate here trended steadily downward as this table shows—the figures being here not for 109 but for 100-pound boxes:

PRICE OF TIN PER 100 POUNDS SINCE THE TARIFF OF 1890.

1890	$5.60	$3.00	$2.60
1891	5.78	3.00	2.78
1892	5.20	2.90	2.30
1893	5.10	2.80	2.30
1894	4.80	2.60	2.20
1895	3.63	2.40	1.23
1896	3.52	2.30	1.22
1897	3.72	2.30	1.42
1898	3.68	2.20	1.48
1899	3.75	2.30	1.45
1900	4.75	3.20	1.55
1901 (April)	4.20	3.90	.30
	Decrease, 1.40	Inc., .90	Av., 1.78

It is plain from these figures that the price of tin plate has fallen very much more in this country than it has abroad—indeed, it has increased abroad. In 1890, when we were buying Welsh tin plates and were powerless in the grip of the Welsh monopoly, we were paying $5.60 a box of 100 pounds. We are now paying $4.20 a box, and from 1895 to 1899, when the price of steel, owing to a slack demand, happened to be very low, we were paying even less than this. But the price of foreign tin plate has actually risen from $3 a box of 100 pounds in 1890 to $3.90 in April, 1901, and the difference between the American and foreign price which, in 1890, was $2.60, has now decreased to a mere 30 cents. In other words, as "Gunton's Magazine" compactly puts it, "We are thus in prices alone really the gainers by $2.30 a box through having Protection and manufacturing the tin ourselves."

A few days ago a party of Washington people were out on a yachting trip. During the day the daughter of a prominent Senator found herself next to a modest, quiet-looking young man, who seemed a stranger to most of the party, and whose name she had not quite heard. In some way or other their conversation from the ordinary chitchat and small talk that new acquaintances usually begin on had drifted into politics, and the young girl found herself soon smartly quarrelling with the young man on the subject of Admiral Dewey, for whom she seemed to feel immense disdain, possibly sharpened by the fact that her companion took a directly opposite point of view, contradicted her constantly, and even stood up for what she considered the admiral's most glaring defects. Finally in sheer exasperation she left his side and, crossing to the hostess of the yacht, said in a thoroughly impatient voice: "Who on earth is that stupid man I've been talking to?" "Stupid!" said her hostess. "Why, I never found him so. He's rather quiet and unassuming, but never stupid, indeed," "Oh, well," said the girl, "he has such a slavish adoration and admiration for the redoubtable admiral Dewey." "Well, and why shouldn't he have," exclaimed the other lady, "and the admiral his own father?"—New York Times.

Asheville and Hot Springs, Western North Carolina and the Sapphire Country.

The Southern Railway announces most attractive schedules and through car service to the glorious mountains of Western North Carolina. A more delightful trip cannot be found. Go and spend a few days. Round trip tickets on sale at greatly reduced rates. Write for descriptive matter.

She—Do you remember that engagement ring you gave me before we were married, George?

He—I ought to. I got another bill for it today.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tunkey The Engineer.

In the October St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett gives an account of the breaking of a record in running a train. The last stage of the journey found the officials behind schedule time. But it was made up—by a quiet man named Tunkey. Still, in spite of these brave efforts, they pulled out of Erie 15 minutes late, and started on the last relay with gloomy faces. It was 80 miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by eleven thirty-one to win, which called for an average speed of over 70 miles an hour including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, about whom nobody knew much except that he was a good engineer who ran a rather clumsy ten wheel locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All the other locomotives had been eight-wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage: she carried water enough in her tank for the whole run, and need not slow up to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage: that she carried Tunkey, one of these men who rise up in sudden emergencies and do things, whether they are possible or not. It was not possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by eleven thirty-one. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then——

Within 40 rods of the start he had his engine going 30 miles an hour, and he pressed her harder and harder until 11 miles out of Erie she struck an 80-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength, and did a burst of 5 miles in 3¼ minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92 miles an hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local ordinance put a 10-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkey smiled as they roared past the station at more than 80. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a hair-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to staring, frightened eyes at the car-windows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whiss! How they did run! Whirl! Whirl! barked the little bridges, and were left behind! H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And rip, whirrl as they slammed around a double-reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to other men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a little over-zealous. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was running the race alone.

At eleven-six they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it in. Hurrah! They had made up time enough to save them!

At eleven-twenty they passed Lake View.

"Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat.

"Toboggan-slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We'll do it easy, Hooray!"

They passed Athol Springs at eleven twenty-four, all mad with excitement. They had 7 minutes left for 8 miles, and were cheering already.

"We'll make it with half a minute to spare," said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was 4 seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line with 26 seconds before eleven thirty-one, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the figures standing—Tunkey's figures—86 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 49 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do?" said the official. "What did we do? Why, we—we——." He paused helplessly, and then added, with a smile: "Well, if you'll excuse the slang, we didn't do a thing to Tunkey?"

Trade With China and Spain.

Exports to China are beginning to resume their normal proportions. The July figures of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics show the total exports to China from the United States as $2,622,475, against $1,319,697 in July, 1900. In the seven months ending with July, 1901, the total exports to China are $9,703,787, against $9,100,321 in the corresponding seven months of the preceding fiscal year. Taking the exports to the British and Russian possessions in China also, the total for the seven months is $10,090,810, as against $9,291,030 in the corresponding period of last year.

Our exports to China in July, 1901, are larger than in any preceding July, a fact which seems to indicate that the commerical relations with China are not likely to permanently suffer as a result of the events of the past year. The average July exportation to China from the United States in the past few years has been about $1,200,000, or about one-half the total for July, 1901, and in July of the years immediately preceding the hostilities they reached only about $1,500,000.

Trade relations between the United States and Spain have resumed the conditions existing prior to the war between the two countries. The exports from the United States to Spain in the fiscal year just ended were larger than in any preceding year with a single exception, 1883, and show an increase of $6,000,000 over 1899; while our imports from Spain also show a marked increase over 1899. In the seven months ending with July, 1901, our imports from Spain were $3,110,718, against $2,575,840 in the corresponding period of the preceding year, while during the same period our exports to Spain increased from $8,189,288 to $8,958,970. For the single month of July our imports increased from $270,216 to $631,665, and our exports to Spain increased from $640,689 to $1,156,490.

Raw materials form the most important feature of our exports to Spain, and fruits and iron ore the principal articles of importation.

Logical.

Mamma. "Willie, shut that window-screen. You're letting the flies in." Willie. "Well, you've got to let some of 'em in." Mamma. "Why?" Willie. "'Cause if you don't let 'em in, how are they goin' to get on the fly-paper?"—Philadelphia Press.

There has been a marked decrease in the population of French India of late. In the five settlements, with a total of 272,185 inhabitants, there has been a decrease of more than eleven thousand in the last ten years, though they have been free from famine and plague.

Clever Work On an Old Painting.

"Did you ever hear of transferring an old oil painting to a new canvas?" said a well-known art connoisseur of New Orleans. "One would declare at first blush that the thing was absolutely impossible, but I have recently seen it done with a picture over eight feet square, and the operation was a perfect success. The painting to which I refer had been a fine example of the early Italian school, but it had lain forgotten in a garret for many years and had become so incrusted with dirt and grime that it was impossible to distinguish any of the details.

"That was the condition of things when it was taken in hand a few weeks ago by an expert restorer from Belgium, who happened to be in the city. The first thing he did was to glue a tough sheet of thick Manila paper firmly to the face of the picture. Then he turned it over and carefully picked off every particle of the old decaying canvas, revealing the rear surface of the paint itself. It was a big job and required no end of patience, but the last thread was finally removed and nothing was left but the fragile shell of pigment. That he covered with the strongest fish glue and a new sheet of canvas was spread over it and pressed down. In a few hours it was perfectly dry, and the painting was as firmly attached to its new foundation as if it had been there from the start. Nothing then remained but to take off the Manila paper which was readily done with hot water.

"After that the surface was thoroughly cleaned and the picture is now almost as bright and clear as it was when it left the painter's easel. The owner could hardly believe his eyes. It seemed to him that a veritable miracle had been accomplished,"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Vice-President Roosevelt was not always the mighty hunter he is now. He has had his day of being afraid of big game. But that was many years ago when he was a wee little boy in short trousers and used to play tag in Madison square in New York (says a writer in Harper's Weekly). Opposite the square, on the east side, stood a Presbyterian church; and the sexton, while airing the building one Saturday noticed a small boy peering in at the half-open door, but making no move to enter. "Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton. "No, thank you," said the boy; "I know what you've got in there." "I haven't anything that little boys mayn't see. Come in." "I'd rather not." And the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and apprehensive glance around the pews and galleries and bounded off to play again. Still the lad kept returning once in a while and peeping in. When he went home that day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it. "But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God, but there is no harm in entering it quietly and looking about." With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in because the zeal might jump out at him from under a pew or somewhere. "The zeal? What is the zeal?" the mother inquired. "Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church with Uncle R——, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the zeal, and it frightened me." Down came the Concordance from the library shelf, and one after another of the texts containing the word "zeal" was read to the child, whose eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited, as he exclaimed: "That's it—the last you read!" It was Psalm lxix. 9: "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

Before Joseph Jefferson became so well known, and during the memorable run of Rip Van Winkle at Booth's old theatre at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, somebody sent him a check made payable to himself. The amount has no especial bearing upon the anecdote. Jefferson needed the money, and after indorsing the check presented it for payment at the bank. "You will have to be accompanied by some one who will identify you before I am privileged to cash your check," said the paying teller politely. Jefferson insisted that it was impossible for him to do so before the time came for the bank to close, and that he was in immediate need of the money. But the paying teller was immovable. Turning away and walking toward the door Jefferson said sadly: "If my dog Schneider was here he would identify me." "Here," called the paying teller, "Mr. Jefferson, hand me your check. There's but one man in the world who can say those words."—New York Times.

A good story is going the rounds at Harvard College concerning a last year's graduate, a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat ingenuous youth. At the beginning of his concluding year his father, who was just setting out for Europe, said to him: "Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer." Harry was delighted. "Father," said he, "I will." He studied faithfully all the college year, and in June went through with flying colors. Then he cabled his father, "Yes." But the father, alas, had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back: "Yes; what?" The son was in turn perplexed but being a well-trained lad he did not remain long in the dark and, fired by duteous zeal, cabled back, "Yes, sir." Letters of explanation followed and he is now making the "grand tour."—Tit-Bits.

A Philosopher.

Wife. "There's a burglar down in the cellar, Henry." Husband. "Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are up stairs." Wife. "But he'll come up here." Husband. "Then we'll go down in the cellar, my dear. Surely a ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding."—Boston Traveller.

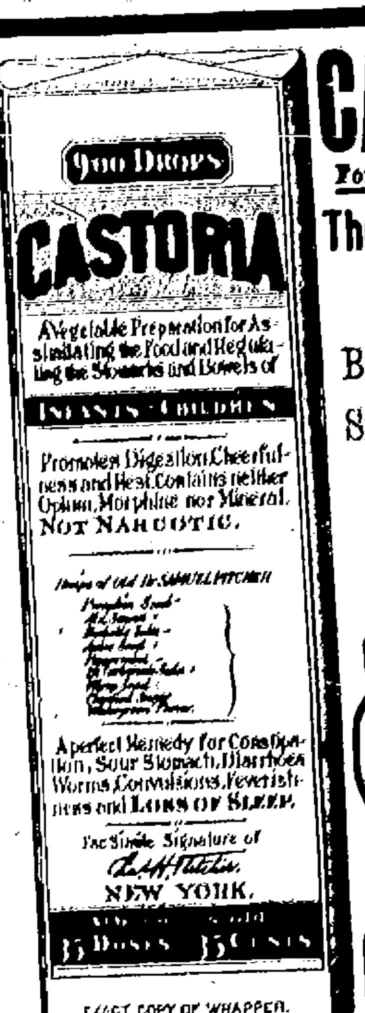
Lack of Confidence.

Assistant. "Is the meaning of this poem absolutely incomprehensible to you?" Magazine Editor. "Absolutely! You're going to accept it, aren't you?" "Oh, yes. But I wasn't willing to trust my own judgment."—Life.

"Sponger says he can drink any number of cocktails."

"Any given number, you mean."—Life.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Preacher's Luck.

"I want to tell you a good one," and Dr. George H. Ide's eyes sparkled and the muscles of his anatomy gathered and relaxed again.

"In a church not a thousand miles from Milwaukee a railroad conductor attended services recently. It was the first time he had ever been seen in church, and his presence caused quite a stir. The preacher preached his sermon, and then, reluctant to lose the opportunity to make a lasting impression, he travelled over the ground in language more impressive and spun his discourse out into unwarranted length.

When the services ended one of my den—that is one of the deacons of the church—waited for the railroader, and accosting him, inquired:

"How did you like the sermon?"

"It was all right."

"You enjoyed it, did you?"

"Yes it was a very good sermon."

"I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at church again?"

"I don't know; I may come. There's only one trouble with that parson of yours."

"And pray, what is that?"

"He doesn't appear to have very good terminal facilities."

The deacon had nothing further to say.

Our Paper Industry.

Fifty pounds of paper for each individual was the amount consumed in this country last year. The United States puts 6,000,000,000 pounds on the market annually, according to the latest statistics, and has about 1,000 mills engaged in the paper manufacture. This industry has grown from one little mill that manufactured paper from rags in Philadelphia in 1690. While the output had increased so tremendously, and the demand has caused the substitution of wood pulp for ingredients used in the early manufacture, the principle on which it is made remains practically the same as that of China centuries ago. We not only consume more paper than any other country, but we are reaching out for the markets of the world, and with our output furnish railways and steamships with about 7,500,000 tons of freight a year.—Paper Trade Journal.

Located.

Stranger. "Didn't I understand you to say you'd just come from the Buffalo Exhibition? How did you like it?" Chance Acquaintance. "Pooh! It's a poor little paltry two-penny-half-penny affair. Don't begin to compare with —" Stranger. "Indeed! By the way, how are things in Chicago, now?"—Puck.

Difficult to Treat.

"Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked, as he laid down his repair-kit and removed his gloves. "Imaginary insomnia," replied Mrs. Foekick. "Imaginary insomnia?" repeated the physician inquiringly. "That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets lots more sleep than I do."—Boston Traveller.

Teacher. "What is the meaning of the word 'excavate'?" Small pupil—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Correct. Now form a sentence in which the word is properly used." Small Pupil. "Stick a pin in a boy and he will excavate."—Chicago News.

"Down on the Delaware-Maryland peninsula there live two families who, according to the local prints are named 'Day and Sunday,'" said Representative Hoffecker, of the first named state, the other day. "The Day family have seven daughters and the Sunday family have seven sons. I am reliably informed that five of the Day girls have already married that number of the Sunday boys and that still another Day girl is about to become the wife of another Sunday boy. In view of this, why isn't it appropriate to say that every day will be Sunday by and by?"—Washington Post.

Germany has acquired a coaling station on the Farsan Island for the China transport service.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

The ocean, it is estimated, contain 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expense additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriages furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.—9-14-16w.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

To owe an obligation to a worthy friend is a happiness and can be no disparagement.—Charron.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

The man who makes alarm clocks ought to do a rousing business.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

The less you are talked about the less you are abused.

Announcement.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for Catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medical properties of the solid preparation. Cream Balm is quickly absorbed by the membrane and does not dry up the secretions but changes them to a natural and healthy character. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St. N. Y.

A wise man occasionally makes mistakes, but he doesn't repeat them.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought



Just One Sample Ton of

Jeddo Lehigh Coal

Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering than any other coal in this market. Lorberry, Lykens Valley and Pittson White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.

The GARDINER B. REYNOLDS CO.,

Assistance Given to Farmers in Loading.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, September, 28, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND DESCENDANTS OF WALTER COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS. 1618-1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

James[5] Cooke (230) md (1) Oct. 16, 1780, Elizabeth Ingalls, b. Oct 5, 1762, dau. of Henry Ingalls, b. in Cumberland, R. I., Oct 12, 1768, who married Sibbel Carpenter, b. Feb 20, 1740; Ingalls went to Richmond, N. H., in 1769; was Justice of Peace and Town Clerk there, 1706 to 1792; in 1793 he removed to Worcester, Mass.; he was maternal grandfather of President Garfield.

Edmund Ingalls, brother of Henry, went to Richmond from Cumberland, R. I., whose wife was Esther, and had Zimri Ingalls and of these 9 children Amos H. Ingalls was the last, born July 31, 1827, md. Polly Cooke, dau. Nicholas Cooke, No. 915. Amos died in Gardiner, Mass., Feb. 1858. James Cooke's wife Elizabeth d. July 18, 1800, and left seven children, when James md. (2) Waitstill Fuller, Nov 2, 1800. The aunts and uncles of Elizabeth's seven children were:

I. Mehitable Ingalls, b. July 21, 1760, md. James Ballou.
II. Ruth Ingalls, b. Feb 3, 1767, md. Benjamin Ellis.
III. Rufus Ingalls, b. July 23, 1769, md. Lydia Cole.
IV. Ebenezer Ingalls, b. Nov 17, 1771, md. Mary Mann, dau. Gideon (found under No. 217).
V. Sibbel Ingalls, b. Nov. 22, 1774.
VI. Lucy Ingalls, b. June 21, 1777.
VII. Alpha Ingalls, b. Dec. 10, 1780.
VIII. Henry Ingalls, b. July 25, 1783, d. Sept., 1783.
IX. Sabra, b. July 16, 1785.

James Cooke removed to Wallingford, Vt., in 1805; her second children were:

492. Sylvanus[6] Cooke, md. Jan 3, 1782, Elizabeth Barney, dau. David, and had Susanna[7] Cooke, William[7] Cooke, Zekiel[7] Cooke, Lydia[7] Cooke.
493. Elizabeth[6] Cooke, b. ——.
494. James[6] Cooke, b. ——.

Elizabeth[5] Cooke (235), md. Jan 5, 1797, Erastus Olmstead; he was born probably in Enfield, Ct., Sept 17, 1773; lived in Middlebury, Vt., where his children were born; he was son of Lieut. Elijah and Sarah (Terry) Omstead; he d. Jan 25, 1851; she d. Fond du Lac, Wis., Jan. 20, 1869. Their children were:

495. Esek[6] Olmstead, b. Sept. 18, 1798, d. Dec 31, 1820.
496. Julia[6] Olmstead, b. Nov. 15, 1800, d. July 24, 1802.
497. Sarah[6] Olmstead, b. April 4, 1802, md. William S. Hammond.
498. Alpha[6] Omstead, b. Dec 30, 1803, md. Edwin Hammond.
499. Elvira[6] Olmstead, b. Sept 8, 1805, md. John J. Driggs.
500. Julia[6] Olmstead, b. Aug. 15, 1807, md. Sarah K. Huston.
501. Erastus[6] Olmstead, b. June 7, 1809, md. Alma T. Huston.

Lucretia[5] Cooke (236), md. Esek Buffum, b. April 6, 1768, son of Jedediah Buffum, who md. Sept. 22, 1757, Sarah Taft.

Jedediah was son of Joseph Buffum (Benjamin Caleb Robert, who came 1630); went to Salem, Mass. 1634. Children of Jedediah and Sarah (Taft) Buffum were:

(a) Esther Buffum, b. April 12, 1758.
(b) George Buffum, b. May 18, 1760.
(c) Esek Buffum, b. April 6, 1768, md. Lucretia Cooke.
(d) Robert Buffum, b. March 10, 1765, md. Lucy Whipple, dau. Daniel Whipple, of Smithfield, R. I.
(e) Jedediah Buffum, b. April 8, 1767.
(f) Sarah Buffum, b. Oct 22, 1769.
(g) William Buffum, b. June 4, 1772.
(h) Candace Buffum, b. June 29, 1776.

Buffum tradition is that Robert Buffum of Salem, Mass., presented in 1658 as a Quaker, had a son Joseph, who went to Smithfield, R. I., and was grandfather of aforesaid Jedediah Buffum.

Esek Buffum was of Richmond, N. H., as found in that history, p. 341. Esek died Dec 31, 1851, aged 69; she d. Oct 9, 1855. Their children were:

502. Louisa[6] Buffum, b. Nov 29, 1786, md. Jonathan Rawson.
503. James[6] Buffum, b. Nov 7, 1788, m. Caroline Cooke, No. 521.
504. Sarah[6] Buffum, b. May 13, 1791, md. Nath'l Whipple.
505. Priscilla[6] Buffum, b. Aug 2, 1793, md. Silas Buffum.
506. Betsey[6] Buffum, b. May 2, 1802, md. Benjamin Crooker, Jr.
507. Lucretia[6] Buffum, b. Aug 5, 1804, md. Amos Bennett.

George[5] Cooke (237) d. in Richmond, N. H., md. Oct. 9, 1772, at Cumberland, R. I., Phoebe Tilson; another account Phebe Tillson, dau. James Tillson and Susanna (Inman). Phoebe b. Dec. 17, 1748; their children, all born between 1773 and 1782, were:

508. Freelove[6] Cooke, b. June 23, 1773.
509. Peter[6] Cooke, b. ——.
510. Simeon[6] Cooke, b. ——.
511. Phoebe[6] Cooke, b. ——, md. Mr. Bassett.
512. Polly[6] Cooke, b. ——, md. Mr. Stanley.
513. Zurie[6] Cooke, b. Sept. 25, 1788, md. Polly Lombard.

Grandfather James Tilson was son of Edmund and Hannah Tilson; James, b. in Plympton, Mass., Sept. 17, 1714, md. at Cumberland, R. I., March 18, 1744. His other daughter was Freelove Tilson, md. Oct. 20, 1782, John Darby, and gave the name of Freelove to the daughter of her sister, Phebe or Phoebe. Still another daughter of James was Susanna Tilson, who md. Nov. 5, 1775, Stephen Wilcox.

Jemima[5] Cooke (245) md. Oct. 10, 1781, Benjamin, son of Benjamin Hewes; he b. Aug. 20, 1759, of Swanzey, N. H. See its History, p. 367. Their children were:

514. Anna[6] Hewes, b. Sept., 1783.
515. Sally[6] Hewes, b. Jan. 28, 1785, d. April 13, 1785.
516. Patty[6] Hewes, b. 1788.
517. Sally[6] Hewes, b. Nov. 1, 1787.
518. Polly[6] Hewes, b. July 13, 1789.
519. Providence[6] Hewes, b. June 12, 1791.
520. Lyman Hewes, b. Feb. 4, 1798.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

3000. WILCOX—Lills Wilcox married Peleg Sanford at Dartmouth, Mass., in 1774. She was the daughter of Cuthbert Wilcox. Her mother is said to be a White, a descendant of Peregrine White. Wanted the ancestry of Cuthbert and of his wife.—G. A. M.

3001. GREENE—John Greene married Joan Tattersall. He was the son of Richard, the son of Richard, son of Robert Greene. Wanted, Robert's ancestry.—G. A. M.

3002. RATHBONE—Is anything known of the ancestry of John Rathbone, an original settler of Block Island?—G. A. M.

3003. BARBER—Smith Barber, private in Massachusetts Militia 1838. He was pensioned from Washington County, New York, being then 74 years old. He was born then in 1759 in Rhode Island. He married a Rogers. Was she a daughter of Samuel and Lydia (Barber) Rogers. What was the given name of the wife of Smith Barber?—J. F. S.

3004. TEFFT, JAMES—Was there a Deborah Tefft who married a James? Perhaps a brother of William James who married Elizabeth Sabin. Sarah James' mother was thought to have been Deborah Tefft.—J. F. S.

3005. TOLL, REID, WHITING—Here are a few records copied from tombstones in Johnstown, Fulton Co., New York.

"In Memory of Ann wife of Robert Little and daughter of Jesse Toll, Esq. and Mary his wife, departed this life April 21, 1810, in the 24 year of her age." Who was Mary, wife of Jesse Toll?

Dr. Thomas Reid, a Surgeon in Revolutionary War died Sept. 18, 1826, aged 78.

Catherine, relict of Thomas Reid, died Nov. 21, 1839, aged 77.

Seth Whiting a native of Dedham, Mass., b. Mar. 25, 1751, d. Aug. 24, 1849.—J. F. S. S.

3006. BARBER—Smith Barber married Hannah Kenyon, daughter of William and Hannah Niles Kenyon. Was this the same Smith Barber and if so, which was the first wife? Mary Rogers, daughter of Samuel and Lydia (Barber) Rogers, married David Kenyon, a brother of Hannah, who married Smith Barber.—J. F. S. S.

ANSWERS.

2982. GREENE—For account of Nathaniel Greene, of the Boston Tea Party, see "Drake's Tea Leaves," and also each vol. 1900, 1901 of Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. Both volumes are in the Newport Public Library.—J. A. S.

RUMFORD BAKING POWDER

The Wholesome Powder.

When You Sleep

SLEEP ON A COMFORTABLE BED—THAT MEANS REST. WHEN YOU WAKE, OPEN OPEN YOUR EYES ON ARTISTIC AND TASTEFUL FURNITURE—THAT MEANS CONTENTMENT, HAPPINESS.

Chamber Furniture

A WHOLE FLOOR FULL OF THIS FALL'S DESIGNS AND FINISH, IN ALL THE MOST POPULAR WOODS. MAKE YOUR BEDROOM NEAT AND COSY—IT COSTS VERY LITTLE.

A Whole Chamber Set, 8 Pieces

All Hard Wood, Golden Oak Finish, Highly Polished and Neatly Carved, Costs but . . . **$19.50**

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET.

Middletown.

SPECIAL MEETING OF TOWN COUNCIL.—The Town Council met in special session at the Town Hall on last Saturday afternoon to determine the matter of highway improvements left over from the regular monthly meeting of Sept. 16. On the last named date, when the Council adjourned, there was a disagreement among the members as to which of the six pieces of road first designated for improvement should be stoned, as the balance of money applicable to the work was insufficient to improve all. In the interim between Monday and Saturday, a reconciliation of differences had been effected and a compromise made by eliminating the stoning of 952 feet of Green End avenue, opposite land of Lydia P. Lewis, which had been included in the original batch. This is a piece of road more extensively used than Turner's lane, which it was voted to improve. Since 1887, when Middletown first began the construction of stone roads enough money has been appropriated to macadamize all the main highways which are used by the public in general, if no part had been diverted to side ways and branch roads. As it is, a considerable stretch of the East Main road and Green End avenue continue to be dirt roads. J. Overton Peckham being the lowest bidder, was awarded the contract for improving all five sections of highway finally selected for improvement, and Charles A. Peckham was approved as surety on the bonds required of him to insure full execution of contract.

As a result of the award of Saturday, Mr. Peckham undertakes to stone 600 feet of the West Main road against land of V. A. Vanicek for $778.50; 850 feet of the East Main road, at the base of State Hill, for $1,022.25; 915 feet of Turner's lane, immediately south of Wyatt road, for $778.50; 550 feet of Green End avenue, opposite land of Restcom S. Peckham, for $806.45, and 471 feet of the same avenue on Honeyman Hill, for $468.27. The time of executing the contracts is limited to November 15, 1901, and during the past week work has been begun on the West Main road.

232 Miles over the Boston & Albany Railroad

And N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and 828 miles on the Hudson River and Fall River Lines, all for $5.00, Thursday, Oct. 10. Send for descriptive leaflet.

A. S. Hanson, Gen. Pass. Agent,
South Station, Boston.

Annual Autumnal Excursion, Thursday, October 10.

Over the Boston & Albany, through the most beautiful section of Massachusetts, through the Berkshires, down the Hudson River on either day or night boat: the Fall River Line's palace steamers "Puritan" or "Priscilla," Friday or Saturday nights, arriving in Boston the next morning, at 7 a. m., all for $5.00. Address for leaflet.

A. S. Hanson, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Boston.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriages furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.—9-14-28w.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street. R. W. PEARCE.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

John F. Torrey, a former high sheriff of Knox county, Me., and a man well and favorably known throughout that section of Maine, died at Rockland, aged 77.

The gift of a bronze tablet in memory of Governor Cheney, to be placed in the rotunda of the New Hampshire state house, the gift of the Massachusetts commandery of the Loyal legion, has been accepted by the governor's council.

Daniel Hayes was struck and almost instantly killed by a train at Milford, Mass.

The body of a well dressed man about 28 years old was found floating in the Charles river at Cambridge, Mass. The police believe it to be a case of suicide.

Allie Gerald, the boy poacher, with whom Maine game wardens have had much trouble, was convicted at Skowhegan, Me., of illegally killing a deer, and he was committed to jail in default of the payment of the fine.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, in opening the 27th annual convention of Maine W. C. T. U., expressed her opposition to resubmission of the prohibitory amendment.

Mrs. Samuel Mastanir was horribly burned as the result of the explosion of a tank of gasolene in a stove at New Bedford, Mass.

The sum of $100,000 is left to nine public institutions and $150,000 to three residuary legatees by the will of Susan J. White, offered for probate at Boston.

A brewery at New Haven was totally destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $94,000.

George W. Dickinson of Worcester, Mass., was elected major-general of the Loyal Legion, O. U. A. M. The only other candidate was Adjutant General Albert De Roche of Haverhill, Mass. The latter will continue as adjutant.

Pardon G. Armington, a former mayor of Lawrence Mass., and well known in business circles through his connection with the Armington-Sims company, manufacturers of locomotives, died at Chatham, Mass., aged 65.

Burning oil from an overturned lamp set fire to the clothing of Mrs. Robert Oatt at her home at East Boston, burning her so severely that she died two hours later.

The assignee of the Keene, N. H., Guaranty Savings bank will pay a 3 percent dividend to depositors on Oct. 1, which will amount to $65,000. This will make 60 percent which the bank has paid since it went into liquidation.

Rev. H. B. Putnam died at West Derry, N. H., aged 60 years. For 10 years he had been pastor of the Central Congregational church there.

Ex-Mayor Jeremiah Crowley of Lowell, Mass., aged 68, died in that city. He was born in Ireland, and came to America in 1842, and settled in Lowell.

Miss Badelia Wunchel, aged 23, was struck by a train at Pawtucket, R. I., and suffered injuries from which she died.

Timothy J. Murphy, a freight brakeman, was killed by falling from his train at Pawtucket, R. I.

Richard Sullivan, aged 60, was instantly killed by a train at Basin Mills, Me.

His own train killed L. S. Romine, a yardman of the Boston and Maine road, which he was making up at Concord, N. H.

Spontaneous combustion started a fire in the antique furniture warerooms of J. C. Casey at Salem, Mass., that caused a loss of $1000.

A detective famous throughout New England for the deeds he did, Captain Moses Sargent, is dead at his home in Brookline, Mass. He was 86 years old.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

WILL BE SOLD at public auction, on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, on the premises by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made and executed by Joseph Jenkins and recorded in Vol. 12 at pages 211 and ... of the Land Evidence of Jamestown, in the State of Rhode Island, the conditions of said Mortgage Deed having been broken:

A parcel of land situate in said town of Jamestown in said State of Rhode Island, bounded and described as follows, easterly, by Columbus avenue, sixty (60) feet; Southerly, by land now or late of Martha E. Coshman, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Westerly, by land now or late of Isaac E. Howland and Daniel Watson, sixty (60) feet, and Northerly, by land now or late of said Howland and Watson, one hundred and ten (110) feet, being lot numbered 113 on the "Howland Plat," so called, and the same premises conveyed to said Joseph Jenkins by James Hall, by deed bearing date September 29th, A. D. 188?, and recorded in Land Evidence of said town of Jamestown, Vol. 12 at page 518.

By order of the mortgagee who hereby gives notice of his intention to bid upon said premises at the sale or any adjournment thereof.

PATRICK H. HORGAN,
Mortgagee.

Sept. 27th, 1901-9-28

Frank F. Nolan, Attorney for Mortgagee.

THE FAMOUS ANNUAL

AUTUMNAL EXCURSION

Oct. 10 | $5.00 | Oct. 10

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BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

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The Last. The Best. Wait For It.

REPUBLICAN State Convention.

AT A MEETING of the Republican State Central Committee, held on Tuesday, September 24, 1901, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the Republican State Central Committee, desire to spread upon our records our tribute of profound admiration for the character and attainments of President WILLIAM MCKINLEY, as a statesman our affection for the man, representing as he did, all that is noblest in life; our horror at the monstrous act that removed him from the scene of his earthly triumphs; and to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

RESOLVED, That a State Convention of Republican Delegates be held in Infantry Hall, in the City of Providence, on Wednesday, October 16, 1901, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating State Officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said Convention.

RESOLVED, That the several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call Primary Meetings for the purpose of electing Delegates to said Convention, the number of said Delegates to be three times the representation of said Towns and Cities in the General Assembly, and to elect members of the State Central Committee for the ensuing year and to report the names of the members of the State Central Committee and the names of the Town and City Committees, together with the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries thereof, with their Post Office addresses, upon the credentials of the Delegates to said Convention, and that said meetings be held not later than October 12, 1901, and that the Secretaries of said Primary Meetings be requested to forward a copy of the credentials of Delegates with the members of State, City or Town Committee immediately after their election, to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, Charles H. Howland, Providence, R. I.

RESOLVED, That the member of the Town or City Committee calling the meeting to order under the above call, together with the Chairman and Secretary of said meeting, be instructed to certify upon the credentials that said Delegates were elected pursuant to a regular call of said Town or City Committee.

RESOLVED, That the several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call the Primary Meetings for the purpose of nominating candidates for Senators and Representatives to the next General Assembly not later than October 14, 1901, and that the usual certificate of nominations be filed with the Secretary of State, on or before midnight of October 16, 1901.

RESOLVED, That the Republican electors of the State, and all other voters without regard to past political affiliations who believe in Republican principles and who endorse the Republican policy, be and hereby are cordially invited to participate in the choice of Delegates to said Convention.

HUNTER C. WHITE,
Chairman.
CHARLES H. HOWLAND,
Secretary. 9-28-3w

Poll Tax Notice!

ALL VOTERS who have not been assessed a tax on either real or personal estate have been assessed a Poll Tax of $1, and are hereby notified to call at the office (or send by mail) and pay the same during the month of October.

The office is open daily from 10:30 A. M. to 1:00 P. M., and on Saturday Evenings in October from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Chapter 100, Sec. 1 of 1896, and Chap. 47, Sec. 6 of 1898 provide as follows:

If any person against whom a tax is assessed in accordance with the provisions of this chapter shall neglect or refuse to pay the same for thirty days after the same is due, the collector of taxes shall demand the same of such persons with twenty-five cents for the cost of such demand; and if any such person upon whom demand is made as aforesaid shall neglect or refuse to pay such tax, together with the cost of making such demand, within five days after the date of such demand, then the collector of taxes shall, unless said tax has been remitted as is hereinbefore provided, levy upon the body of such person and commit him to jail in the county of Providence, there to remain until he shall pay such tax and all legal costs, including cost of making the demand as aforesaid, or be discharged therefrom in due course of law.

The Supreme Court of the State has recently rendered an opinion sustaining this law in every particular.

E. W. HIGBEE, Collector of Taxes,
Room 16, City Hall.
Newport, R. I., Sept. 28, 1901—9-28

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For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 23d day of September A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Edith Evelyn Smith, Guardian of the person and estate of

CHARLES TALBOT SMITH,

minor, of Newport, presented this day to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying for leave to sell at private sale said minor's interests in a certain parcel of real estate situated in said Newport, and particularly described in said petition, for a better and more advantageous investment, and said petitioner having applied to this said Court of Probate to give notice in the *Newport Mercury*.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday, the 14th day of October, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in the City Hall in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
9-28 Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S d. b. n. c. t. a. NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Administrator, d. b. n. c. t. a., on the estate of DANIEL GALVIN, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them to him, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to

GARDINER B. REYNOLDS,
Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a.
Newport, R. I., Sept. 24th, 1901—9-28

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of MARY A. T. READ, of full age, of Newport, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to

GEORGE O. CHASE,
Guardian.
Newport, R. I., Sept. 28th, 1901—9-28

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., September 16, A. D. 1901.

DAVID COGGESHALL presents to this Court his petition, in writing, praying that himself, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator on the estate of

SARAH BURROUGHS,

late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of October next, A.D. 1901, at one o'clock p.m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
9-21. Probate Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the estates of

JOSE GRACIA DE SIMAS, ANTOINE GRACIA DESIMAS, JOHN GRACIA DE SIMAS, FRANK GRACIA DE SIMAS and HENRY GRACIA DE SIMAS,

All minors under the age of fourteen years, children of Jose Gracia de Simas, late of said Middletown, deceased, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified himself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estates of said minors, are hereby notified to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto to make payment to the undersigned.

HENRY G. SHERMAN,
Guardian.
Middletown, R. I., Sept. 21, 1901.
6w.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Tuesday, the 3d day of September, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of *WILLIAM E. STOFFORD,* representing himself to be a minor over the age of fourteen years and resident of Contoocook, Maine, and praying this Court to approve of Thomas M. Freeborn, of said Newport, whom he has chosen to be the Guardian of his estate in Rhode Island.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 23d day of September, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
9-14 Probate Clerk.

NOTICE.

CANVASS.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN of the City of Newport will be in session as a Board of Canvassers at their Chamber in the City Hall, on

Wednesday, October 9, 1901,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

for the purpose of canvassing and correcting the WARD LISTS of Voters in the several Wards. Witness my hand,

WILLIAM G. STEVENS,
9-28 City Clerk.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

"Newport & Fall River Division."

TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after September 23d.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—†6.30, 6.45, 7.15, 8.15, 8.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, †7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.45, †10.45 p. m.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, †6.45, 7.15, †7.45, 8.15, 9.15, †10.15, †11.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, †10.15, †10.45, †11.15 p. m.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, †10.15, †10.45, †11.15 p. m.

†To Portsmouth only.
‡To Portsmouth and return.

Running time between City Hall, Fall River, and Market Square, Providence, via the new highway trolley line is one hour and twenty minutes. Connection is made at City Hall, Fall River.

Fall, 1901

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